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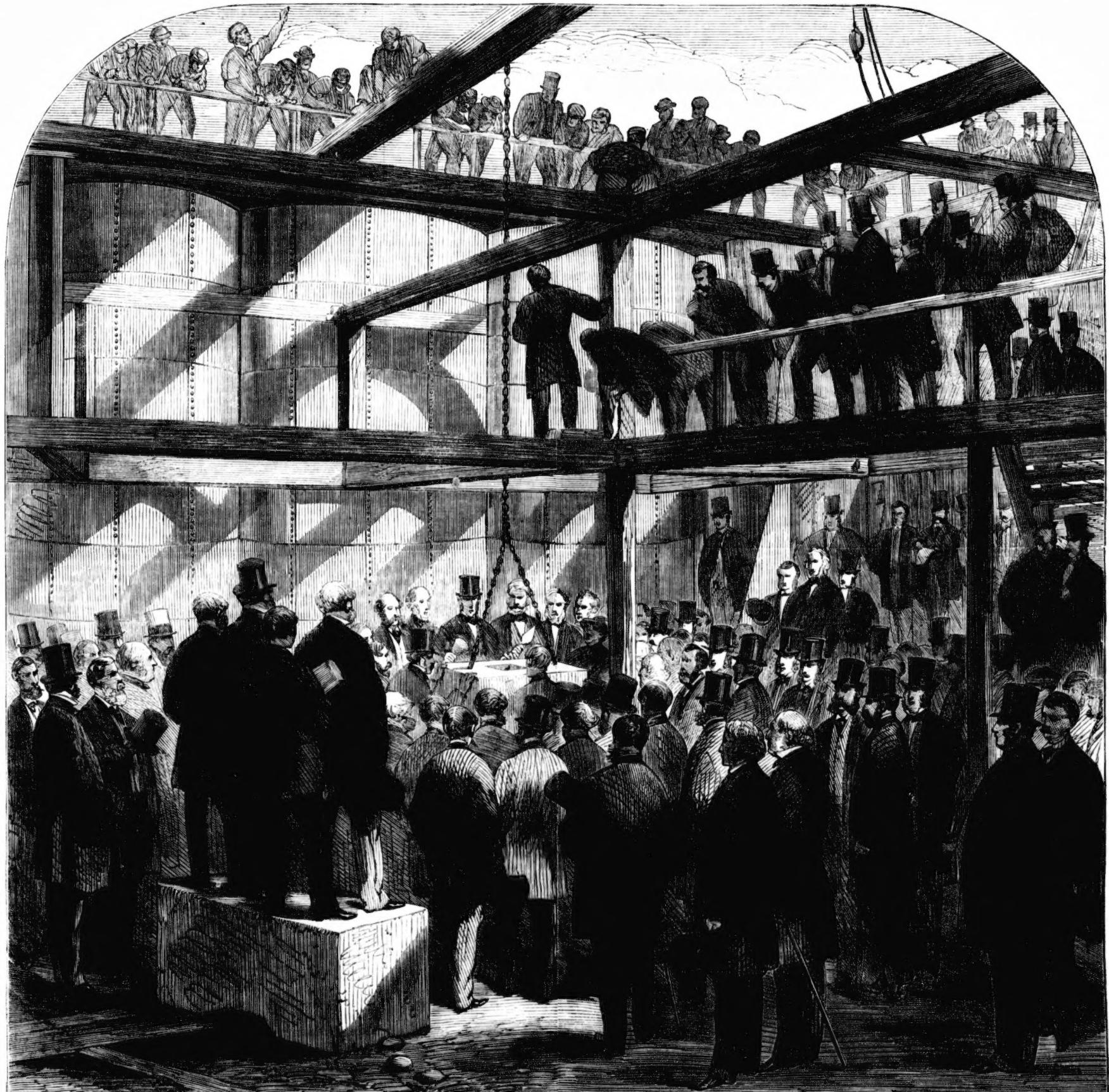
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## THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

WHAT has Parliament done during the Session now fast drawing to a close? It has acquiesced in the dismemberment of Denmark and put down organ-grinding. England evidently does not wish to be bored. She is too rich to be shot at; she cannot tolerate the din of war; and it is not to be expected that she will allow her peace to be disturbed by the horrid noises which go by the name of street music. Earl Russell said, with much pathos, just after the presentation of the Budget, that, with such a fine balance in hand, it would be a thousand pities to engage in a European contest. This naive

remark is worthy of being classed with the celebrated "Rest and be thankful," from the same lips; and it was well followed up the other night by a sort of historical lecture in which Earl Russell ignored the most notorious historical facts in order to prove that in the long run an alliance between Russia, Prussia, and Austria for the purpose of putting down liberty in Europe could do no harm! What Lord Russell chiefly relied on for making out his case was the inability of the three Northern Powers to prevent the liberation of Italy. But it so happened that the three Northern Powers were not united at that time. On the contrary, the

two most formidable of the three were on such bad terms that one might have declared war against the other from day to day. Austria had "astonished the world by her ingratitude," as Metternich had prophesied she would do. She had not only not assisted Russia during the Crimean War, but, by her occupation of the Danubian Principalities, had seriously incommoded her, and had left her in doubt as to whether the State that Russia had saved from destruction in 1849 would not ultimately take part with the Western Powers. It is strange that our Foreign Minister should not have remembered this, and with it its natural con-



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT. T WHITEHALL ST IRS.

sequence—that when Austria in her turn was attacked by France, Russia stood aloof, and even adopted a threatening attitude towards her old but unfaithful ally while Lombardy was being torn from her grasp. When Russia was attacked alone, with Austria looking on in a doubtful spirit, then Russia was beaten; and when Austria, isolated from her former friends and half-menaced by one of them, was assailed, Austria also had to give in.

In other words, individual members of the great northern alliance (which really originated in 1772, and has been traditional since the partition of Poland) may be dealt with easily enough if they allow themselves to be dealt with singly and one after the other, in the style of the Curiati. But this was not the question which Earl Russell had undertaken to discuss. His argument was that the Holy Alliance, founded for the express purpose of checking popular movements and disengaging all reforms not introduced spontaneously by the Sovereigns themselves, was powerless to achieve such results; and this he thought to prove by the case of Italy, though it was precisely because the Holy Alliance did not exist at the time of the Italian War that that war was carried so rapidly to a successful conclusion. If Austria, Prussia, and Russia had been resolved to stand by one another then as they are said to be resolved to do now, it would have been impossible for France alone to liberate Italy, as it was really impossible, the other day, for England alone to save Denmark.

Earl Russell, though, as a professed Liberal, he is obliged to disapprove of the principles of the Holy Alliance, yet maintains, with his usual calmness and complacency, that it never has done, and never can do, any harm. It will never hurt Earl Russell, no doubt; nor, in a direct manner, is it likely to interfere with England. But it is too much to expect us to admit that it is powerless for evil in Poland, in Hungary, and in Italy. For some time after the arrangements of 1815, Austrian armies marched into no matter what portion of Italy to repress the slightest movement on the part of the Italians. Of these invasions, followed, as they were, first by massacres and afterwards by executions, Earl Russell takes no account. Neither does the intervention of Russia in Hungary appear to him worth remembering, nor the destruction of the Republic of Cracow by Russia, Prussia, and Austria combined. As to the dismemberment of Denmark—which was effected by two of the holy allies, while Russia, the holiest of them all, remained, with the immense army that had just crushed Poland, “in observation”—even that little incident, or at least the mode of its occurrence, seems to have escaped Earl Russell's recollection.

In short, every great injustice that has been committed in Europe since 1815 has been committed by the Holy Alliance, which has acted sometimes through one of its members, as in Italy; sometimes through two, as in Hungary and in Denmark; sometimes through all three, as in the Republic of Cracow and in Poland generally. On the other hand, when Russia for the first time in her modern history, was compelled to sign a disadvantageous peace, to consent to the demolition of a fortress, and to surrender a portion of her territory, the Holy Alliance did not exist, or such a result would have been, if not impossible, at least so difficult to obtain that it would not have been attempted. It was by reason of the non-existence of this alliance that the liberation of Italy was an easy matter in 1859, and that an opportunity presented itself for liberating Poland in 1863—an opportunity of which no advantage was taken, though it was plainly offered by the combination formed on behalf of the Poles by France, Austria, and England. What was possible then becomes once more impossible when Austria returns to her old union with Russia and Prussia. From a renewal of the Holy Alliance—the existence of which is proved by recent facts, and by the attitude at the present moment of the Holy Allies, without any documentary evidence being required—no acts of aggression, perhaps, are to be expected; but it cannot but have an injurious effect in maintaining an iniquitous system in northern, central, and a portion even of southern Europe. To counteract this effect an alliance between England and France is most desirable. Such an alliance need not have a warlike character, and no one will pretend that because the three northern Powers choose to come to an understanding on various questions which during the last few years had kept them apart, therefore England and France ought to declare war against them. But their disposition to do evil would be greatly affected by the knowledge that England and France also understood one another, and that the direction of European affairs was not to be left altogether to the rulers of Poland, of Hungary, of Venetia, and of a portion of Denmark.

“Rest and be thankful,” “Don't spoil a nice Budget by going to war,” “Whatever happens it all comes right at last,” are maxims which belong to Earl Russell, and which are as much his as his own family motto of “Che sara sara”—from which, indeed, the above ignoble maxims might all have been derived. But Earl Russell, in spite of recent failures, has been too long in the habit of offering advice to give up interfering on the Continent altogether. His counsels may in some cases be attended to, if he has France to back them. He cannot, under present circumstances, expect to be listened to for a moment if he speaks in the name of England alone.

## LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

On Wednesday, the 20th inst., the formal masonic ceremony of laying the first stone of the Thames Embankment was performed with as little ostentation as it could be possible to conceive, in connection with a work of such importance and magnitude.

Passers over the bridges of Westminster and Waterloo have for some time been in the habit of stopping to notice the rapid progress which was being made in the work. The whole of the line of the embankment has long since been distinctly marked out by wooden scaffolding of massive size and strength, within which the river wall was and is being constructed. There were great and rapidly accumulating heaps of “ballast” under the Adelphi and Somerset House; and those river-side terraces and villas, such as Sussex-terrace and Montagu House, which had long been noteworthy landmarks to the voyagers on the Thames, had begun to assume quite an inland appearance. People, in fact, had begun to speculate as to the period when the Thames embankment would be finished, and those who knew better were aware that the time for “laying the first stone” was nearly approaching. The work is of the largest dimensions, employing nearly a thousand men night and day, according to the tide. A line of iron “caissons” has been sunk in the river just below the mud, deep in the gravel, and within 10 ft. of the London clay, which at the bottom forms the natural foundation of this mighty city. Although the great work is as yet in the most incomplete and rudimentary state, it was impossible for the most unobservant spectator to avoid speculating on the great change which was about to be made in the aspect of the “silent highway.” It could be seen that the Thames was about, at any cost, to be utilised in the direction of the beautiful, and to rise a little above the position of a mere traffic-bearer for the commerce of the world. The outline of a noble river esplanade was already marked out, and an idea could easily be formed of what the appearance of that esplanade would be when complete, with its 100 ft. of roadway, its subterranean rail, its architectural piers and landing-places, its gardens, and its terraces of palatial houses.

As we have before said, the ceremony was of the most unostentatious character. The chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works and several leading members of the board, along with the Hon. W. Cowper and Lord J. Manners, the past and present Commissioners of Works, assembled at the office in Cannon-row, and at about half-past two o'clock proceeded to the point where the “first stone” hung poised in mid-air, but ready to be sunk into its final resting-place. A Royal standard and a union jack drooped lazily over the aperture, but beyond this there was no ceremonial arrangement of any kind. Nevertheless, the ceremony was not without its striking features. The huge stone hung suspended by a chain over a vast chasm which descended far beyond the bed of the river, and on the water side of this chasm the great caissons could be observed in close array, offering a successful resistance to the coming tide. Without and above was the river, with its steam-boats, its barges, and the whole busy course of its ordinary traffic; within and beneath was a quadrangular space of dry land, in the midst of water, the stone pendent in the centre, and the spectators peering from the top, or straining over the descending ladders, or crowded at the bottom waiting with some impatience for the simple but important work of the day.

The actual “laying the first stone” is a rite of which few require to have a detailed description. There are the stone, and the bed of concrete waiting to receive it, and the bottle with the coins and newspapers, and the silver trowel, which is to be the perquisite of the masonic high priest of the occasion. Sometimes there are the clergyman to give a religious sanction to the work and the ladies to grace it by their presence; but on this occasion there were neither the prayers of the Church nor the smiles of the fair—the thing was done as a mere matter of business; and if there were to be any festal accessories they were reserved for a future and more private opportunity.

The chairman of the Metropolitan Board handled his trowel and spread his mortar in a methodical and artistic manner. When that was done the bottle containing the coins and the newspapers was deposited in a cavity which had been prepared for the purpose, and then the stone was lowered into its bed, there to remain until turned up for the inspection of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander when he comes to speculate over the ruins of what once was London. The stone having been placed, the chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Mr. Thwaites, turned it into a temporary rostrum, and improved the occasion with a few well-timed and judicious observations. He reminded his hearers that the embankment of the Thames was no lately-discovered necessity. Sir Christopher Wren had applied his great mind to the subject, and, in our own days, the painter Martin had made sketches of proposed embankments. He remarked how the necessity of constructing an intercepting sewer without interrupting the traffic of the Strand had precipitated the design of the Thames Embankment; and now the great work was further advanced by the suggestion of a subterranean railway, the effect of which would be completely to utilise the reclaimed land. He thanked her Majesty's Government for their co-operation, but more especially the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, by giving the Government guarantee for the necessary advances, had, without mulcting the general public to the extent of a shilling, saved the citizens of London £18,000 a year during the whole period this grand river esplanade was being constructed. The chairman of the board was followed by the Chief Commissioner of Works, who expatiated with much enthusiasm on the results which the citizens of London and their visitors might expect from the proposed works.

**THE TOTAL AMOUNT** of the grants for civil services for the year 1864-5 is £6,648,117, against £7,890,927 for last year, showing a decrease for the current year of £1,242,810.

**THE HARVEST.**—The weather was excessively dry and sultry in the eastern counties on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. On Monday night, however, a highly acceptable shower fell and greatly revived vegetation, which presented on Tuesday a decidedly improved appearance. The want of water was beginning to be keenly felt. As regards the harvest, cutting operations will become general in a few days. The yield will not exceed an average, if, indeed, it reaches that standard.

**A FRIGHTFUL TALE OF SHIPWRECK.**—The Elvina, with a crew and passengers amounting to thirty-two persons, sailed from Calcutta for Boston on December 22. In a letter written by Mr. Jacobs, United States Consul-General at Calcutta, dated April 20, 1864, particulars are given of the wreck of the vessel and the horrible sufferings of the crew. After describing the accident to the ship, the narrative proceeds:—“The hull was slowly sinking, and the crew sprang overboard five minutes before she went down, leaving the master and his brother alone, standing together. Together they sank, and were not again seen. Gaining the floating spars, the poor fellows rested a little, until the cabin-roof was driven within reach, upon which they clambered, to the number of eleven. The rest had disappeared. Here, tied to the spars, they lay down upon the sails, and the sea washed over them. The wind died away, and, tearing a shirt in two, they raised a signal of distress. Two pumpkins, sole relics of the ship's stores, were seen floating high, but not within reach, and they looked longingly upon them as they passed by. At noon the gale again sprang up, blowing as furiously as before. The waves swept tumultuously over the raft, carrying away two of their number. One, George Chase, swam back, and was assisted upon it, but, soon turning black in the face from swallowing sea-water, died. All through that day and night the storm continued, moderating towards morning. The sky was overcast the second day, but the wind went down and the sea became more calm. The sun rose bright and clear in a cloudless sky the morning of the third day, and his beams beat most fiercely upon their unsheltered heads. Maddened with thirst, in their agony, some of them drank the sea water and died. The fourth day another died. The survivors cut off their legs, and ate for the first time since leaving the ship; they drank their own urine. Not a morsel had they eaten, not a drop of fresh water had they drunk for four days. The clouds gathered overhead on the fifth day, but the sun burnt them off and shone more scorchingly than ever. That evening one of their comrades slipped over the side, saying, ‘I am going home, I can stay here no longer—I want to see my mother, come with me, we shall not be long away, and soon return.’ They were too weak to prevent it, and he swam away. Far as their dim eyes could range did they wistfully watch him swimming on, the sharks splashing their white fins by his side till he was lost in the distance. The sixth day came and went, and another died. The seventh morning another died. But three were left now of the eleven. At the last moment relief came. The French barque Claire, Robert master, discovered the raft, their signal fortunately flying, and dispatched a boat to their assistance.”

**THE VICTORIA CROSS.**—The Queen has been pleased to signify her intention to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross on Samuel Mitchell, captain of the foretop of her Majesty's ship Harrier, for his gallant conduct at the attack at Te Papa, Tauranga, on the 29th of April last, in entering the pa with Commander Hay, and when that officer was mortally wounded, bringing him out, although ordered by Commander Hay to leave him and seek his own safety. This man was at the time captain of the foretop of the Harrier, doing duty as captain's coxswain; and Commodore Sir William Wiseman brings his name to special notice for this act of gallantry.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

A report of the Minister of War is published in the *Moniteur* of Saturday, followed by an Imperial decree modifying the administration of Algeria. The report says the insurrection was not only caused by fanaticism, but still more by an unfounded hope of surprising the vigilance of the authorities, who were believed to be disarmed because divided in their action. The report therefore proposes to increase the power and responsibility of the Generals commanding divisions, making the prefects subordinate to them, and intrusting them with the administration of the natives established beyond the limits of the communal districts.

A belief that an Imperial manifesto, enunciatory of the Emperor's policy, will shortly be made public is daily becoming stronger in Paris. It is asserted that in it the Emperor will distinctly repudiate any aggressive designs, either on the Rhine or elsewhere, and will emphatically put forward the advantages of a close and genuine alliance with England. The document, moreover, is believed to have been submitted to, and received the approval of, the King of the Belgians.

### ITALY.

A Turin correspondent confirms a report which had been in circulation that a thoroughly harmonious understanding has been re-established between the King of Italy and Garibaldi. Victor Emmanuel himself, it seems, took the initiative in bringing about the *rapprochement*, and addressed a letter to his great subject, which, of course, received from the latter a cordial response. It is positively asserted that some sort of Garibaldian expedition was in progress, which, on the receipt of the King's letter, Garibaldi instantly abandoned.

### TURKEY.

We learn from Constantinople that the Porte has closed all the Protestant missionary establishments, and even arrested several converts. The Bible and American Missionary Societies were soon after reopened.

### TUNIS.

Advices from Tunis represent the condition of affairs at that place as very unfavourable. The Khasnadar persists in requiring the payment of a tax of thirty-six piasters. The insurgents have broken up their camp. The troops of the Bey are in the neighbourhood of Tunis.

### DENMARK AND GERMANY.

#### THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

The first sitting of the Conference between the Representatives of Austria, Prussia, and Denmark took place at Vienna on the 26th inst. A telegram from that city states that the Danish Plenipotentiary, M. de Quaade, declared that he was fully empowered to conduct and conclude any arrangements which might appear necessary, leaving only to the Government the right of ulterior ratification. This means peace at any price. The Copenhagen *Füdrelædet* of Tuesday notices a report that a nine months' armistice has already been concluded with Germany—the duchies to be occupied during the interval, as now, by German troops. If this rumour be well founded, it would appear that the arrangement must have been prepared by foreign mediation previous to the meeting of the Plenipotentiaries.

#### THE MILITARY RIOTS IN RENDSBURG.

The following official report has been received at Dresden from General von Hake, commanding the federal troops in Holstein, of the disturbances between Prussian and Saxon and Hanoverian soldiers in Rendsburg on the 18th inst. —

Altona, July 20.

Upon the 17th a quarrel arose in a dancing-house outside Rendsburg between Prussian soldiers on the one side, and Saxons and Hanoverians on the other. It was ultimately settled by the non-commissioned officers on duty, without calling for further assistance.

The affair, however, seems to have given rise to further lamentable excesses upon the 18th, the following day, which, unfortunately, did not pass over without numerous wounds being inflicted by both the parties in dispute. These were the men of the Prussian 15th Infantry Regiment and of an artillery company quartered in Rendsburg, and the non-commissioned officers and men of the 3rd Hanoverian Infantry. In addition to the bad feeling previously obtaining between the men and the want of sufficient precautions to prevent such conflicts, was the unfortunate circumstance that the barracks in which the Hanoverians were quartered are situated in the same street as the Prussian hospitals, and in their immediate neighbourhood. Notwithstanding that the excesses were confined to isolated conflicts in various parts of the Neuwerk suburb, and that the Saxon and Hanoverian troops readily obeyed the tattoo which was beaten at nine p.m., the Prussian commandant of the Kronwerk, Major von Hake, attached so much importance to an entirely unfounded report that the Hanoverians intended to storm the above-mentioned hospitals, that he required the protection of the two companies of the 15th Infantry cantoned in Oster and Wesser-Roenfeld.

This step was taken without reference to the Hanoverian commandant at Rendsburg, Lieutenant-Colonel Dammer, and also without his offering any opposition, although he was upon the spot, and in communication with Major von Hake.

The accounts of both parties coincide in stating that the Hanoverians were in their quarters by half-past nine. Towards ten o'clock the Prussian companies arrived, loaded with bayonets, bivouacked until towards morning upon the parade-square, and sent out continually strong patrols. By one of these patrols four Hanoverian non-commissioned officers, returning from visiting the quarters, were wounded after ten o'clock. This is according to Hanoverian reports, the correctness of which the Prussians deny.

The only circumstance that appears in any way to justify such extraordinary measures may have been that the Hanoverians quartered in the aforesaid barracks created unnecessary disturbance in the street before the hospitals, and may very probably have abused the Prussians. The stone-throwing with which they were charged has at least injured nobody, and the stones must also have been thrown through opened windows, as the panes are reported intact.

The whole affair was confined to a mere excess, such as will happen among mixed garrisons, particularly where, as here, one class of troops having served with distinction against the enemy is, perhaps, inclined to be more exacting than at other times, and the other class does not feel inclined to submit. At any rate, the mutual position is difficult, and requires tact and good sense to bring to a fortunate issue. But Major von Hake has telegraphed in such terms to his Majesty the King of Prussia in Berlin, and to his Royal Highness Prince Frederick Charles, that two more Prussian companies reached Rendsburg from Schleswig yesterday as reinforcements, and for eventual assistance; and I have good reason to believe that further Prussian detachments are upon the march from Kiel. Special importance and meaning, therefore, appears to have been attached to these occurrences.

Yesterday afternoon, as soon as I received the first report of the disturbances, I immediately sent Captain von Fabrice to Rendsburg, to prevent any recurrence of disorder, and to inform me at the same time of the real position of affairs. The Hanoverian Major-General von Dem Knesebeck also received orders to repair to Rendsburg the same evening and examine into and report upon what had occurred. I further requested the Prussian commander to adopt the same course as far as possible. Colonel Fabrice will go to-day to the head-quarters of the allied army in Apenrade, to lay before H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles, to whom very highly coloured reports have probably been made, our view of what has taken place, and to obviate, if possible, any further concentration of Prussian troops upon Rendsburg and the vicinity.

Finally, I have very respectfully to report that no further disturbances occurred yesterday or last night, and that, indeed, no reason appears to exist for the assumption that they could be renewed. All requisite measures of precaution have been taken.

(Signed) GUSTAV VON HAKE, Lieut.-General.

The following correspondence has taken place in consequence of the disturbances:

#### PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA TO GENERAL VON HAKE.

I have respectfully to inform your Excellency that the outrages committed within the last few days by soldiers of the federal garrison against Prussian sentinels and hospitals demand an immediate guarantee against the repetition of such and still further insults and dangers to the chief station and dépôt of the allied army.

His Majesty the King and master has, therefore, been induced to issue the following order:—I am to take possession of Rendsburg and make myself master of the place. In consequence of this Major-General von Guben will present himself before Rendsburg at noon upon the 21st with 6000 men and two batteries, in readiness to undertake the occupation of the posts.

It will depend upon the moderation, tact, and energy so frequently shown by your Excellency whether this inevitable step, indispensable to the honour of the Prussian army, shall be carried out in such a manner that the regulation of the entire affair may be left to subsequent diplomatic negotiation.

GENERAL VON HAKE TO PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

Your Royal Highness's communication of the 20th inst. has been received by me, having crossed Colonel von Fabrice, dispatched upon a mission to head-quarters. In view of the truthful explanations which my officer will have given your Royal Highness as to the military riots in Rendsburg, I feel firmly convinced that military measures of so remarkable a character would not have been adopted if your Royal Highness had been already in possession of my officer's verbal report.

It is impossible for me, therefore, to consent to the occupation of Rendsburg by Prussian troops, but also clearly out of my power, independent of other important reasons, to think of offering military opposition with a weak garrison of four companies.

I must therefore decline all responsibility, and leave to your Royal Highness to be answerable for the consequences. In case of your Royal Highness adhering to the intention you have expressed, I shall, however, for the present withdraw the troops from Rendsburg to avoid a conflict.

The Württemberg Chamber of Deputies have unanimously adopted a protest against the forcible occupation of Rendsburg by the Prussian troops, and requested the Government to take some steps to oppose such acts of violence. Meanwhile the Prussian Government has already doubled the garrison at Kiel.

### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

#### THE CONFEDERATE INVASION OF MARYLAND.

The Confederate demonstration in Maryland, at first regarded as a mere foraging raid, subsequently assumed the grander proportions of an invasion seriously threatening the national capital. After falling back from their first demonstration against Frederick, on the 9th, the Confederate forces concentrated on the Boonesborough road, and again advanced and occupied Frederick, the Federal forces under General Wallace having retreated to the Monocacy River, where they were soon afterwards attacked by the Confederates in large force. A desperate battle ensued, lasting from nine a.m. until five p.m., when the Federals, after suffering severely in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and losing most of their artillery, were forced to retreat in disorder. Among the prisoners taken by the Confederates was General Tyler. General Wallace retreated to Baltimore. His force was about 10,000 men, while the Confederates are believed to have numbered at least 20,000. After defeating General Wallace, the Confederates seem to have been divided into several bodies, and to have immediately moved for the destruction of the railroad communications of Washington and Baltimore, their combined operations being thought to indicate an attack upon the latter city, where the greatest excitement prevailed; the streets were barricaded, business suspended, and no one was permitted to enter or leave the city without a military pass. The Confederates, although continually menacing the city, did not attack it, but directed their attention to its railroad and telegraph communications. On the afternoon of the 10th Governor Bradford's residence, four miles from Baltimore, was burned by a squadron of cavalry; the inmates were permitted to escape, and were informed that the house was destroyed in retaliation for the destruction of Governor Letcher's house, at Lexington, by General Hunter. On the evening of the 10th the Confederates appeared in large force at Elliott's Mills, sixteen miles from the city, and, having destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to that point, commenced to destroy the bridges on the Northern Railroad, connecting Baltimore with Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The extent of damage sustained by the road is not known, but is believed to be serious. The Baltimore, Wilmington, and Philadelphia Railroad was next attacked. Some accounts represent that the bridges over Bush Run and Gunpowder Creek were destroyed, but a Philadelphia despatch states that those structures were successfully defended by two Federal gun-boats. The damage to other parts of the road is known to be great. On the morning of the 11th a passenger-train was captured by the Confederates at Magnolia Station, on the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad, and a number of soldiers and officers, among the latter Major-General Franklin, were made prisoners. General Franklin, however, is said to have subsequently made his escape.

While detached squads of the Confederates were operating in the vicinity of Baltimore, their main forces were concentrated and advanced towards Washington on the Rockville Road. A Philadelphia despatch states that on the 12th a force of at least 15,000 had appeared before the northern defences of Washington, where they burned the house of Mr. F. O. Blair. A demonstration had been made against Fort Stevens, but, troops having arrived from General Grant, the Confederates were repulsed. Our latest accounts, which are to the 16th inst., report that they had retired from before Washington, had recrossed the Potowmack, and were making their way southwards "with immense quantities of booty," for the transport of which they were using the Orange and Alexandria Railway, as well as large numbers of wagons.

All General Hunter's supplies collected at Martinsburg, valued at 3,000,000 dollars, were captured by the Confederates when Siegel evacuated that place.

#### GENERAL NEWS.

Grant having considerably weakened his forces for the relief of Washington, the Confederates at Petersburg had given indications of assuming the offensive. Despatches of the 14th inst. report that General Hill was threatening a flank movement against the Federal left. Demonstrations had also been made against other portions of the Federal line.

Nashville papers of the 13th inst. report General Sherman across the Chattahoochee, with his whole army, and immediately in front of the fortifications of Atlanta. There was no news of Forrest or of any other of the Confederate Generals in his rear. It was expected that Johnston would offer or accept battle.

The militia of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, had exhibited great indisposition to respond to the President's call for 100-days' men for the defence of Washington. Governor Curtis, of Pennsylvania, openly accused his people of stupidity or culpable indifference; while Mayor Gunther, of New York, had publicly remonstrated against the removal of the militia, on the ground of apprehended danger to the peace of that city. Several regiments had, however, been sent forward to the capital from various quarters, but were mustered out of service on the 15th, their aid being no longer required.

Mr. Fessenden had paid a visit to New York, and, after consulting with the bankers, had asked a loan of 50,000,000 dollars to meet immediate necessities, but seemed to have some difficulty in obtaining it.

The case of General Dix was again brought up on the 10th before Judge Russell, who announced that he would reserve his decision until the 1st of August. It was believed that General Dix was in favour of abiding by the decision of the Court.

The American Consul at St. John's had telegraphed to the Governor of Maine that a small party of Confederates had left to re-deport on the Maine frontier.

The Confederate steamer Florida had been committing serious depredations on American shipping off the Virginia and North Carolina coast. It was reported that she had destroyed at least ten or fourteen vessels. The Florida had also captured the transport-steamer Electric Spark, a fast vessel, of 800 tons burden, carrying a valuable cargo of assorted goods, and bound for New Orleans. It was thought that the vessel would be run over to Nassau to sell the cargo, and that she would then be fitted out as a privateer. Several Federal gun-boats had gone in pursuit of the Florida. The Electric Spark carried a large mail, and also an official despatch-bag, all of which fell into the hands of Captain Morris of the Florida. It was feared that the capture of the official bag will result in important disclosures of the Federal plan of operations in Louisiana and Arkansas.

THE TOMB OF HAVELOCK, at Lucknow, is in a dilapidated state, and overgrown with weeds and jungle.

### BISHOP MONRAD ON THE DANISH QUESTION.

SINCE the appointment of the new Ministers a lengthened discussion has taken place in the Danish Parliament on the state of the kingdom. In the course of the discussion the late Premier delivered a remarkable speech, in which he entered into an elaborate explanation of the policy pursued by Denmark since the death of King Frederick, and thus stated his views of the present crisis:—

I consider a frank expression of opinion to be right; and, if I am to speak my mind plainly, I do not think that which is advocated by the address—a free State existence, independent of Germany—to be the most important. The point of greatest moment in my eyes is that everything Danish should remain constitutionally connected now when the integrity of the Danish monarchy has unfortunately gone to ruin. We cannot get it back, for a State of Schleswig-Holstein in personal union with the monarchy is not the integrity of the monarchy, but only a caricature. After we have vainly attempted to protect the integrity of the monarchy; after Europe has abandoned us, has disregarded its own signatures and treaties; after each Power successively has said, "Well, if So-and-So does not consider himself bound to do something, I am not bound either;" after the Power which declared that the King of Denmark was in honour bound, &c., has abandoned the treaty it had signed—after all these things have taken place, one cause alone remains that I consider the holiest, and that is the integrity of the Danish people. You are aware that for a number of years I have laboured for the freedom of the Danish realm, and nothing is more grievous for a man than to see the task of his whole life annihilated. But I solemnly declare that if I am asked to choose between the preservation of the Danish people and the preservation of our national freedom, I should not hesitate one moment to select the former, and see every trace of political liberty vanish from the land. Should matters take the shape of Danish Schleswig being wrested from us and annexed to the German empire, and the choice rested with me, I should vote to follow Schleswig with the kingdom. The integrity of the people is in my eyes the first and most important object. Everything else, whether called freedom or known by any other name, is to me of secondary importance. I trust that the Almighty will grant His blessing to the important task committed to the Ministry. Before this great and momentous question all minor differences, in a political sense, vanish. May God grant that the Government may succeed in that which was denied to their predecessors! May the advent of the new Ministry to power be the turning-point in the history of Denmark's sufferings, so that under its government one fortunate event may follow another, as under the late Administration each misfortune was only succeeded by a greater humiliation!

### THE MAIN-DRAINAGE OUTFALL WORKS.

THE members of the Metropolitan Board of Works, with their friends, made an inspection of the northern and southern outfalls of the main-drainage works on Monday afternoon. The high middle-level and outfall sewers on both sides of the Thames are now, with the exception of a few minor connections, completed. The low level sewer on the south side will be finished this year, but the low-level sewer on the north side cannot be completed until the Thames embankment is got on with. One third of the metropolitan sewage is now collected and carried to the outfalls by the new system. The main-drainage intercepting sewers intended to do this work are now nearly completed. They extend over the whole of the metropolitan area, and are eighty-two miles in length.

The visitors first inspected the northern outfall reservoir, which is situated at the point where Barking Creek falls into the Thames, a little east of Woolwich, and eleven miles and a quarter below London Bridge. This reservoir was constructed by Mr. George Furness, at a cost of £164,000. It covers an area of about ten acres, and is capable of containing 6,243,000 cubic feet, or 39,000,000 gallons of sewage. Its depth is about 17 ft., and it is divided into four compartments. Three of them are filled with sewage. The fourth was still empty, and was inspected by the visitors. The sewage is received by the reservoirs through sixteen openings, and there are sixteen openings also through which the surplus sewage is allowed to flow into the Thames at stated times; 50 square miles of the metropolis being drained to this point.

The southern outfall was next visited. It is a more costly affair than the northern; all the sewage has to be pumped up to a level with the reservoir. The contract price of these works is £300,000. They are being constructed by Mr. W. Webster. The engines (being constructed by Messrs. Watt and Co.) are to cost £44,900. The sewage of the low-lying districts of Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Newington, Vauxhall, Wandsworth, Putney, and other similar places, will have to be pumped up at Deptford Creek from the low-level sewer to the high-level. From Deptford the united streams will flow through the outfall-sewer to Crossness pumping-station, when the sewage will be lifted into the reservoir. The reservoir has an area of about six acres and a half, is 17 ft. deep, and is capable of holding 4,340,000 cubic feet, or 27,000,000 gallons of sewage in the four compartments. In addition to the sewage which will accumulate in the reservoir between the periods of discharge, the reservoir will provide for storing rain to an extent which probably will not be exceeded more than a few days in the year, when the overflow will take place at a less favourable time of tide. In order to deliver the sewage into the river under as favourable a condition as possible, the deep outlet is constructed with a series of twelve iron pipes, 52 in. in diameter, extending a considerable distance under the fore-shore. The contracts, both for the buildings and the engines, are in a forward state, and it is hoped will be completed by the end of the present year.

The visitors dined in one of the four compartments of the southern outfall reservoir.

SERJEANT BOICHOT, who will be remembered as having, after the Revolution of 1848, successfully opposed Marshal Bugeaud in the election for Paris, and was subsequently exiled after the events of the 2nd of December, has just married a young English lady of good family, and is about to open a boys' school at Brussels.

THE LATE SIR C. BARRY, R.A.—A very beautiful memorial tablet to perpetuate the memory of the late Sir Charles Barry has just been erected in the nave of Westminster Abbey, over the spot where the distinguished architect of the Houses of Parliament lies buried, and nearly adjoining the grave of the late Mr. Robert Stephenson, to whom, it will be remembered, a monumental brass, representing a full-length figure of the eminent engineer, was inscribed a few years since. The memorial, which has been placed in the abbey by the family of the late Sir C. Barry, consists of a large cross let into a massive slab of black marble about twelve feet in length by five feet in width, and the inscription on the cross is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of the late Sir C. Barry, R.A., F.R.S., architect of the New Palace at Westminster and other buildings, who died on the 12th of May, 1860, aged sixty-four years, and lies buried beneath this brass." The following text is also inscribed round the outside of the marble slab:—"Whosoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men, for ye serve the Lord Christ." Colossians iii, 23, 24.

NEW TRAFFIC REGULATIONS IN THE CITY.—The new by-laws, orders, and regulations respecting the City traffic were published on Saturday by order of the Lord Mayor, Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, having approved of the alterations made at his suggestion by the Court of Aldermen. Subjoined is a copy of the revised regulations:—1. Every omnibus, metropolitan stage-carriage, van, or other carriage, licensed for the conveyance of passengers, at separate fares, passing eastward through St. Paul's-churchyard and proceeding to, or whose destination as stated on such vehicle, or in its license, shall be London Bridge, shall, when it reaches the south-east corner of St. Paul's-churchyard, pass down Cannon-street, and thence over London Bridge; and every such carriage making the reverse journey shall traverse the like route, and the driver of every such omnibus metropolitan stage-carriage, van, or other carriage licensed for the conveyance of passengers at separate fares, shall drive the same pursuant to this regulation. 2. No person shall drive any cart, wagon, dray, or other vehicle for the conveyance of goods, wares, and merchandise through the streets between the hours of nine in the morning and six in the evening laden to a greater height than 16 ft., measuring from the ground, or laden to a greater width than 7 ft., or the breadth between the outsides of the wheels of which vehicle (except it shall have been in use before or on the 28th of July, 1863) shall be greater than 7 ft. 3. No person shall draw any cart, wagon, or other vehicle, wholly or partially laden with timber, scaffolding, or other poles, logs of wood, masts, or other articles or things, whether consisting of wood, metal, or any other material, exceeding 25 ft. in length, or 8 ft. 6 in. in breadth, though any street between the hours of nine in the morning and six in the evening.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.—The Melbourne papers report that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have fulfilled their engagement at the Sandhurst Theatre, with a success which was exceptional even in Victoria. On the last night Mr. Kean took farewell in the following speech:—"This is the last night we shall ever perform in Victoria. The extraordinary success which has attended our engagement in Sandhurst is indeed a brilliant termination to our prosperous tour in this colony, and has afforded Mrs. Kean and myself the most sincere gratification. Our visit to Australia has been to us replete with interest, and, when divided, as soon we shall be, by thousands of miles, we shall remember with pleasure and grateful feelings the wonders we have seen and the kindness we have experienced. In a few days we expect to arrive in Sydney, and, after taking a brief and final farewell of our friends in that city, we shall cross the Pacific Ocean to California, returning homewards by way of New York and the North Atlantic States. We shall revisit America with emotions of no ordinary kind; for it was there my early professional efforts were first encouraged; it was there the applause I received kindled the first glow of hope that I might one day obtain success. It was there Mrs. Kean, then Ellen Tree, achieved so many triumphs and won so many friends. Soon after our return to England, which will be in about twelve months, we shall retire into private life, and then, if spared to enjoy the fruits of the labour of life in an age of ease, we shall often converse on 'the fortunes we have passed,' and Australia will arise a prominent feature in our hearts and minds."

### THE FRENCH IN COCHIN-CHINA.

THE French troops in Cochin-China have again been called upon to proceed to a distant part of the country, in order to attack a number of insurgents who had established themselves within the fortifications in the north-western part of the district of Boria.

At the time of the building of the gun-boats at Saigon (in January last), of which we gave some account, the colony was reported to be entirely tranquil, and making rapid progress. By previous news special commissioners were to leave for Cambodge, and were to ascend to Mei-Dong, in order to lay the foundation of an establishment which the French Government is about to form at the junction of the four branches of that river, in pursuance of a treaty which the King of that country signed with Admiral La Grandière. This establishment promises to be of great value. It is to be situated near the town of Nam-Vau, which the new King is about to make the capital of Cambodge, in place of Houdon, which is placed in a less favourable situation. After having accomplished this part of their mission, the commissioners are to proceed to the mines of Anghor, which are rich in coal. In case the quality of the coal should prove to be as good as it is represented, the mines are to be worked by the engineers attached to the French army, and native Christians are to be employed. The latter are very numerous in the country, and enjoy the reputation of being the best workmen. There are likewise many excellent foremen among them, who were trained in the professional schools directed by French missionaries.

The colony, in fact, enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity. The rice crops in the mountains had been gathered as well as the harvests in the low grounds, and it was said that the Admiral-Governor neglected nothing which tended to the maintenance of peace; even to the sending of several articles treating of morality and religion to the Chinese official journal published at Saigon. The last article, which demonstrated the absurdity of superstitions, was written on the occasion of a demand addressed to the Governor by some Annamite peasants to make use of certain invocations to procure rain. Another article was written against the worship of deceased parents, to which the Annamites are much attached. These articles had produced the best effects, and the missionaries had accomplished numerous conversions among the most influential classes.

It became necessary, however, to send a considerable force against a body of natives who were in revolt in the districts before mentioned, and such a force was promptly dispatched under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Loubere. The expeditionary column having reached the fortifications of the enemy at Song-rai and Ba-ka, dispositions were at once made for the attack.

A sufficient guard having been left in charge of the camp under the orders of Lieutenant Maigret, Captain Jacquet, of the 46th, with the first section of his company as skirmishers, penetrated the thicket which surrounded the fort and advanced with such precaution that they were able to inspect the works. Captain Danos, with the second section of these troops and a body of spahis on foot, accompanied by fifteen engineers armed with spades, mattocks, ropes, and hatches, ascended by the left on the bank of a river, which they were prepared to ford, unless they could cross it by a narrow bridge a short distance outside the fort. By this movement an attack was made both in front and at the flank. Captain Godin, with twenty-four cannoniers, took up a position on the left, and the commander-in-chief, with a reserve of foot soldiers and a few horsemen, took charge of the artillery, the ambulance being placed in the centre, a little behind the cavalry.

While all these movements were taking place, the Annamites, whose sentinels were seen on the tops of some of the adjacent trees and the higher points of the fortifications, opened a rolling cannonade upon the besiegers, accompanied with flights of arrows. The density of the thickets, and the necessity for choosing the points of attack, compelled the French to advance slowly to the borders of the river. Fortunately for the besiegers, the Annamites fired too high to do much execution, though their cannonade was fast and furious; and, when the "tirailleurs" were within about seventy yards, the sentinels found the tree-tops rather too dangerous to enable them any longer to direct the aim of the gunners in the batteries, the embrasures of which were penetrated by musket shots. The French artillery, when it began to open fire, did some execution; but the walls of the fort were so solid that the enemy were able to keep up their cannonade from one point or another without cessation. The fort of Ba-ka, on the right of the attacking force, was the most dangerous, and was mounted with the heaviest guns; while as fast as its defenders were swept down by the French musketry or artillery, fresh ones took their places, the wounded being carried in. The struggle lasted two hours, during which several of the French soldiers and one or two officers were wounded. There was suddenly, however, a great tumult in the fort: the fire of the enemy slackened and at last ceased entirely—a change which was attributable to the commencement of the attack in flank by Captain Danos, the sound of whose bugle on the left bank inspired the men of the reserve with an *élan* which enabled them to cross the river, while the three detachments penetrated the fortress in the rear.

The united efforts of the troops thus concentrated at once upon the work enabled them to scale the principal battery with irresistible rapidity. The works were by no means contemptible, and it was evident that they had been constructed with skill and intended to offer serious obstacles—a timber drawbridge having been so constructed as to raise the level of the river, so that it became necessary to make a narrow bridge of felled trees.

The men on this side, however, who heard the noise of the artillery beyond, worked with a will, and were soon able to join in the final onslaught. A panic seized the Annamites, who fled to the surrounding woods, and three detachments were ordered to extend their search for a considerable circuit, in order to overtake the fugitives.

Lieutenant Jannelle, who commanded one of these divisions, came upon a third fort, which was immediately evacuated by the enemy. The struggle was sharp but decisive, and the Annamites, who had carried away their wounded to the woods, were no longer in a position to oppose the destruction of the forts. This engagement, which, after all, was no very obstinate affair, will, it is believed, increase the tranquillity of the districts in the north-west; while that of the colony about Saigon remains undisturbed. The prosperity of the town itself may be understood from the fact that the various works to be executed there by the French Government, during the present year, are estimated at 1,000,000 francs, the contractors of Hong-Kong and Singapore being invited to send specifications. The Administration there is solidly established, and receipts exceed the expenditure, the former being estimated at 3,012,000 francs, and the latter at 3,011,000 francs. New buildings are every day rising. There are thirty private carriages in the town, hitherto a rare sight in Cochin-China, besides several hackney coaches purchased at Singapore. The Governor has decided that every Chinese coming into the French colony must pay a tax of two piasters a year for permission to reside. Licenses of three classes are to be granted to Chinese merchants who may desire to establish themselves in the colony. Fifty piasters a year is to be paid for a license of the first class, twenty-five piasters for the second class, and ten for the third. A decree had been issued for equalising the native coin with the French currency, by which much confusion will be avoided in commercial dealings.

A SHOPKEEPER AT VICHY has adopted, as a sign to his establishment, "The Three Theological Virtues," illustrated by medallions representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, personified by portraits of the Emperor, the Prince Imperial, and the Empress.

THE CRICKETER ABROAD.—Cricket on the Continent is this year showing remarkable progress. A grand international match is arranged to come off at Homburg about the end of August, between the Paris Eleven, as representing France, and an eleven composed of the Frankforters and the English visitors who can be collected from all parts, to represent Germany. The match will take place at Homburg, probably about the 20th of August; and the authorities at Homburg, emulating the respect mingled with awe with which the Parisians have welcomed our national game, intend to celebrate the event with due magnificence. It is not generally known that first-rate cricket is to be met with both at Frankfort and Homburg, and that annual matches take place between the clubs of these places.

## BABY'S WARDROBE.

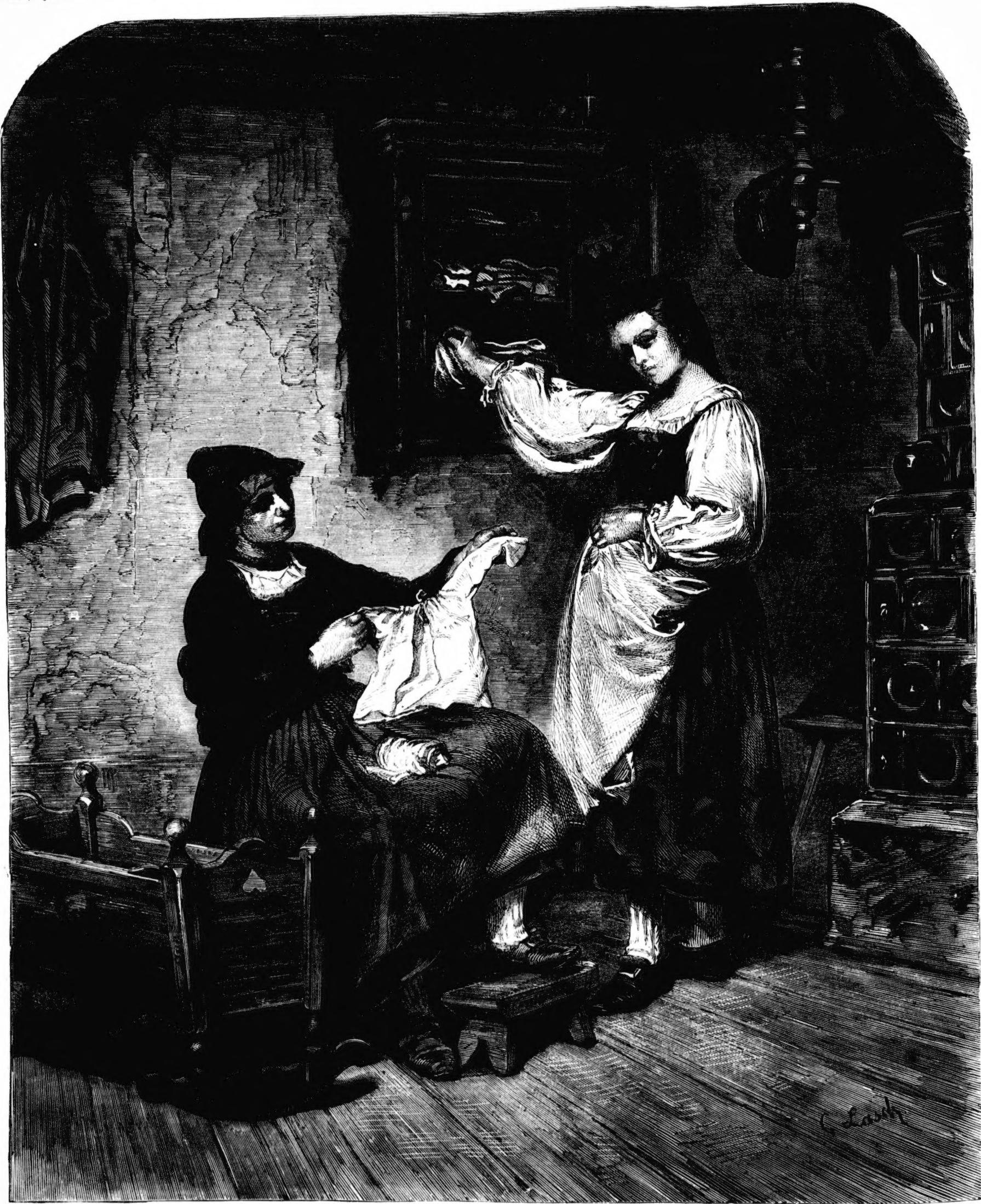
A PICTURE BY KARL LASCH.

Is there anything in the world, except the baby itself, which has more influence on the female mind than a set of baby-clothes? What raptures of admiration are evoked by each tiny garment as it is inspected and examined! with what a loving tenderness is each little detail discussed, as though the wardrobe itself, for the time, represented the innocent being for whom it is intended, and

should on that account be spoken of in softly ecstatic monosyllables and phrases, of which no masculine ear could comprehend the deep intensity of feeling! Whether the associations of these liliputian vestments be those of care, of hope, or of regret; of daily anxiety to rear the tiny, tender creature, so loving and yet so helpless; of half-fearful anticipations for the little stranger on whose behalf the preparations are made; or of chastened but abiding sorrow for the loss of some baby-messenger from God, which stayed long enough to stir all the love of the maternal heart and then returned; the

examination of these clothes is a pleasure pure and simple in which no woman can help feeling a deep interest, even though she may be but a stranger to both mother and child.

What might not be written of these little wardrobes of dead children kept year after year in a locked drawer, which is rarely opened except by one pair of trembling hands?—a drawer where the fine lawn is yellowing with age; the lavender leaves are all dry and rustle as the wind from the door stirs them; where the blue and pink sashes, and little shoulder-knots of satin ribbon, are faded

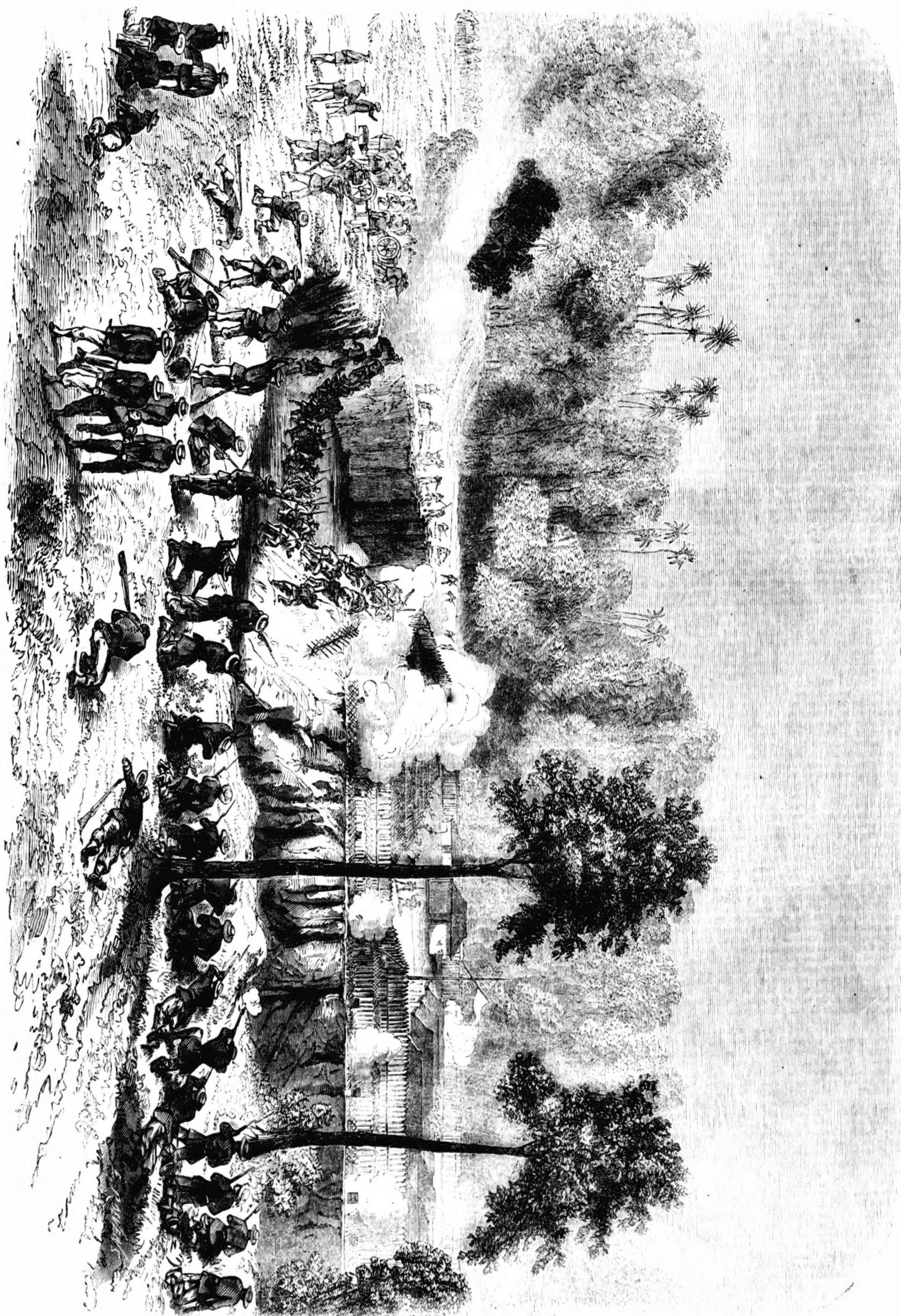


"BABY'S WARDROBE."—(FROM A PICTURE BY KARL LASCH.)

in white patches here and there; and the tiny shoes lie wrapped in silver paper—their glossy surface so new and fresh that it is little wonder how they, more than all the rest, recall the pink, chubby foot, the dimpled hand, the bright eyes, and laughing lips. Oh, those shoes! Next to the lock of fair hair wound into a soft curl, they seem to have more influence on the memory and to stir a tender sorrow more deeply than anything around them. It is difficult to say why this should be. It is amongst the mysteries of such things that nothing in such a relation is mean, or poor, or sordid; the pure little being who came and has returned has seemed to sanctify even the shreds of

clothing which it wore; the coloured leather, which pressed its dainty feet, they seem no more to belong to common everyday life; even the very toy which the baby-fingers have last rested on is, for a time at least, hallowed, and should not be profaned by a too frequent use. For years and years, it may be, these treasures will remain undisturbed. The first owner of them may have lived to man's or woman's estate and then have died. Who does not remember the old, hard, vulgar, ambitious merchant in "Vanity Fair" going to the drawer where he kept his son's first copybooks, his coral and bells, and one little shoe which he had years ago picked up somewhere and treasured as belonging to his darling child?

Ah! these baby-clothes seem for a few moments to bring the little one back again, whether it be from an earthly distance or from the grave where the tiny white coffin went down with that mere handful of dust and ashes. Under any of these circumstances the sympathy of women, young or old, may be safely counted on; and the dame whose own children have all grown up to have little ones of their own, or all have gone and left her desolate, will almost renew her youth when she is handling and talking about (talking to would be the better word) the tiny scraps of garments. This tender instinct of maternity is the same whether it be represented in the palace of a Sovereign lady or in the cottage



CAPTURE OF THE FORTS OF SONG-RAI AND BAZKA BY THE FRENCH IN COCHIN-CHINA.

of a Schwarzwald peasant like that from which our picture was taken. That little wooden press in the wall has almost as keen an interest for the old neighbour who has been invited to inspect its contents as for the younger woman, who has as yet less experience in such matters, but waits for a favourable opinion nevertheless. We do not wonder that in the town of Dusseldorf this picture should have become popular, or that the reputation of M. Karl Lasch, the artist, should have been enhanced by it. Indeed, Karl Lasch is one of the most promising of the new school of painters known as the Dusseldorf school, although he is a native of Leipic, where he was born, in 1821. As he determined to be an artist, his father (who was at first opposed to it) consented to send him to Dresden, and he ultimately studied with Rietschel and afterwards under Edward Bendeman. In 1843 he went to Munich, and afterwards to Dordt, but on the completion of his studies his half brother, who held a good position in business at Moscow, persuaded the young painter to join him there and follow his profession both there and at St. Petersburg. At both these places he gained a considerable reputation, and devoted himself assiduously to portrait-painting, but he felt that he was capable of better things, and, growing tired of this branch of the profession, returned to Dusseldorf in 1860, and since that time has attained a high position in that school with which his name is now intimately associated.

#### INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 246.

A STRANGE SIGHT FOR THE SUN.

WHEN the sun one morning last week mounted above the eastern horizon, lighting up the gilding of the Clock and Victoria Towers, and making it glow like a fringe of fire, it saw a curious sight as it passed through the painted windows of the House of Commons. Mr. Whalley was upon his legs, discoursing wildly, to about sixty members, angry and impatient, upon transubstantiation. The bill before the House was one which the Lords had sent down, entitled "The Scottish Episcopal Disabilities Removal Bill." Hitherto no Scottish Episcopalian clergyman could hold living in the English Church unless he denuded himself of his Scottish Episcopalian orders, made himself a mere layman again, and commenced his clerical career anew. In short, there was a gulf between the Scotch and English Episcopal Churches, and this bill is intended to bridge it over. And, as the English and the Scottish Episcopal authorities had both decided that the building of this bridge was a right thing to be done, one would have thought that the formation of this *nexus* between the two Churches might have been allowed without opposition. Not so, however, thought Mr. Whalley. He saw great danger to the English Church in this measure; and no sooner did it appear upon the table of the house than he girded up his loins and determined to resist its progress by all the means which the forms of the House allow. Mr. Whalley, as all know, is now the great Protestant champion in the House of Commons. Mr. Spooner used to be, but he is hors de combat, good man; and Whalley has taken up the mantle which Spooner, by the infirmities of age, has been compelled to resign. Mr. Whalley is, however, far more zealous than his predecessor. There was method in Mr. Spooner's zeal; in Mr. Whalley's there is none. Good Mr. Spooner was, indeed, not wild at all; in all that he did there was always a glimmer, or something more, of reason; but Whalley is a perfect monomaniac.

Mr. Whalley's dominant idea is that the Pope, Popery, and Jesuitism are everywhere unceasingly at work, and ultimately will everywhere prevail. In short, as by gazing at an object for a time, it gets fixed upon the retina of the bodily eye, so by long gazing at the Pope Mr. Whalley has got the triple-hatted chimera that sits upon the Seven Hills ineradicably fixed upon the retina of his mental eye, and wherever he looks there he sees the afflicting spectacle of the mark of the beast—on all policies, all legislation, all educational systems, all churches of all countries. He discovers evidence of the Pope's handiwork everywhere as he walks the metropolitan streets, and, *mirabile dictu!* he sees it in the New Zealand war. Well, then, no wonder that he saw it in this Scottish Episcopalian Bill. "Are not the Scottish Episcopalianists, with their High Church notions about transubstantiation, mere allies of the Pope?" and, if we build this bridge, will there not be a rush of Scotch Popery into the English Church?" This was the thought of Mr. Whalley, and this was the idea which he was expounding and enforcing with such energy of voice and gesticulation on that Tuesday morning, at half-past three, when the sun was with wonder peering into the House of Commons. Now, simple reasoners like ourselves would argue that, if the Scotch Church be tainted with Popery, as Mr. Whalley alleges, it is good to make a way for clergymen to escape from the tainted Church to one that is freer, if not entirely free, from taint, as Mr. Whalley believes the Church of England is, and that any clergymen desirous to escape from the unhealthy to the comparatively healthy Church ought to be received with joy, and not resolutely pushed back; but Mr. Whalley has a logic of his own. Mr. Whalley, though, with all his zeal and dogged pertinacity, did not carry his point. For half an hour, amidst groans and hootings, he manfully stood his ground. Unawed by the ridicule which he met with, impenetrable to the cogent arguments of the Attorney-General, proof against all the courteous persuasions of the mild and gentlemanly Sir William Heathcote, who had charge of the bill, he still persisted; and at one time it appeared likely that the House would not break up till five or even six o'clock. Fortunately, however, Mr. Whalley had but few allies. There was Mr. Kinnaird, it is true, and he was as much opposed to the bill as Mr. Whalley; but Mr. Kinnaird is a reasonable man, and, moreover, a gentleman; and after the House had divided once upon a motion for adjournment, Mr. Kinnaird refused to sanction a further opposition; and so, in spite of Mr. Whalley, the question was at last put, and the bill was read a third time and passed; and at half-past three o'clock the House adjourned and we went home. It was broad daylight when the sixty members who had been so long kept out of their beds rushed into Palace-yard, and if they muttered no curses, depend upon it they invoked no blessings upon the head of Mr. Whalley. Many of us had been within that building twelve hours, the thermometer marking all the while over 70 deg., and had to reflect, as we paced the solitary streets, that in somewhat less than nine hours we must be in our places again.

#### MAGUIRE ON RAGS.

On Tuesday week, at six o'clock (the House assembled at twelve, and, having pushed on certain bills a stage, suspended its sitting and resumed at six), there was quite a respectable gathering of members, a very unusual gathering for the season, and this was the cause. Mr. Maguire was to bring before the House the wrongs of the paper-makers. Ever since Gladstone's famous Budget which repealed the paper duties these poor distressed manufacturers of paper have filled the air with their lamentations, and have unceasingly agitated, by means of deputations to the Board of Trade and the Treasury, and petitions to Parliament, to get their wrongs redressed; and now Mr. Maguire, as their organ, was to bring their cruel sufferings with due formality before the House, and hence the unusual gathering of members that night. Apart from their own interests, it is not to be expected that members should care much about these paper-manufacturers' sorrows; but then many of them have influential paper-manufacturers amongst their constituents—fathers who not only have votes, but can command votes, and, of course, though it is a great bore to be called up to town, hon. gentlemen had to be present. There were also, as you may suppose, plenty of manufacturers in the galleries. Wrigley was there, you may be sure, as he is a representative man, and some say will be in Parliament soon. Well, if he be as eloquent a speaker as he is a forcible writer, we shall be glad to see him; for an able, eloquent man of business we always hail as an addition to the real power of the House. Bustling, active, talkative Mr. Johnson, with his semi-military blue coat and gilt buttons, we did not see this time. Rumour says that he does not feel the pressure of the times as other makers do; he, it is said, makes a special article of such

capital quality that he can laugh at competition. But, however that may be, he was not present, or we should have heard his voice in the lobby and discerned his gilt buttons glittering under the gas-light. Mr. Maguire began his speech about half-past six, and spoke for an hour or more; and it is not too much to say that he did his work well. Indeed, the manufacturers made a great *coup* in getting Mr. Maguire to take up their cause; for the member for Dungarvan has achieved—and achieved worthily—a good position in the House. Like all Irishmen, Mr. Maguire is very eloquent; but, unlike some Irishmen whom we could name, he is diligent in collecting facts, honest in the use of them, and can reason from them logically and with great cogency and force. We have long looked upon Mr. Maguire as one of the best speakers that Ireland has sent us; we question, indeed, whether he is not, on the whole, quite as good as any. He is not so impassioned and oratorical as Whiteside; but he is a far better reasoner, and, moreover, is not so reckless a partisan as the member for the University of Dublin. He is not so acute a reasoner as Sir Hugh Cairns, but he is more eloquent; and, these being set aside, there is no other Irishman who can contest the palm with Mr. Maguire, except it may be the new Attorney-General for Ireland, who has scarcely yet got shaken down into his right position. Mr. Maguire by this speech won golden opinions from all sorts of men. It was so eloquent, so calm, so moderate; and the argument of it was, from the beginning to the end, so ably sustained. And, to a certain extent, it was successful; for, if it did not obtain immediate relief for his clients, it forced up the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reply to it, and extorted from him a promise that the Government will be unceasing in their endeavours to induce foreign governments to reduce, if not to abolish, the export duty upon rags. Despair not, then, desponding paper manufacturers! for that Pandora's box which the gods of Downing-street sent you two years ago, though full of dire evils, has hope at the bottom.

SIR C. WOOD AND MR. DUFF.

On Thursday evening there was a fair gathering of members when the house opened; but when Sir Charles Wood rose to tell us how our vast empire in India is governed, they incontinently began to glide off to dinner; and at seven o'clock, when we looked in, there were twenty gentlemen, including the Speaker and the clerks, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, and no more. In Hindostan there are upwards of one hundred million of subjects of the British Crown, and an army of 50,000 men. Moreover, India has gone through a wonderful crisis since the mutiny. We have within the last ten years made 2687 miles of railway, and mean to make with the same rapidity at least 2000 miles more. The revenue, too, is in a most flourishing condition; and, altogether, the history of India since the mutiny is a most surprising story; and that only seventeen members should think it worth their while to stop and listen to the narrative is as surprising, at first sight, as the story itself. But then, per contra, let our readers remember who was the narrator. It was Sir Charles Wood. They have famous story-tellers in India; but Sir Charles, though for many years he has been in contact with their country, has certainly not caught their inspiration. But on this subject hear what Mr. Grant Duff had to say:—

Of all the wonderful political ceremonies that took place on this earth the most astounding was the Indian Budget (Hear, hear). Not only was it submitted at the end of the Session, but they were brought down to listen, not to a speech, but to a sort of concatenation of interjected sentences jerked out by a Minister to whom Heaven had denied not only the power of lucid statement but of articulate speech. (A laugh, and "Oh, oh!") Surely the noble Lord at the head of the Government might find a colleague not inferior to the right hon. gentleman in administrative ability who possessed the power of making a clear and intelligible statement on Indian affairs.

This was Mr. Grant Duff's deliverance, and there is unquestionably truth in it. Sir Charles is not a good speaker. But ought these words to have been uttered in the House of Commons? We venture to think not. Sir Charles Wood is a Cabinet Minister, an old servant of the Crown, and, unless report be too favourable, an able administrator, if not an eloquent expounder of his administration; and something is certainly due to his high position—courtesy, if no more. Besides, Mr. Grant Duff is young, and Sir Charles is old; and at all times, and in all places, and under all circumstances, youth should be courteous and forbearing, if not reverent, to age. And then Mr. Duff should have remembered Mr. Carlyle's teaching—to wit, that eloquent deeds are far more valuable than eloquent speech: and if the prosperous condition of India is owing to Sir Charles's wise administration—and surely, in some measure, it must be so—we may well forgive him his inability to make an eloquent speech. But there is, on the other hand, doubtless, excuse for Mr. Duff. Mr. Duff is or was a Saturday Reviewer. Saturday Reviewers are confessedly a bitter, caustic, impudent, petulant race, unrestrained and unrestrainable by those kind feelings and courtesies which induce other gentlemen to damp down their rising petulance and quietly consume their own smoke. It is, then, perhaps, hardly surprising that Mr. Grant Duff, after listening, or trying to listen, to Sir Charles's dreary harangue, should thus explode; for in so doing he only brought forth after his kind. It is worthy of remark that Sir Charles, in his reply, did not notice this explosion, but quietly went on his way as if nothing had happened to ruffle him; and herein his conduct contrasted, we must say, favourably with that of Mr. Grant Duff.

RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN.

And now a master step on to the scene—w. Mr. Cobden; and mark the difference. Sir Charles Wood had a dry subject; but Mr. Cobden had a drier still. A man of genius in speaking about India, albeit he must of necessity dwell much upon finance, could hardly fail to make an attractive and interesting, if not a fascinating, speech; but what could a speaker do with such a subject as "Contracts for the Army and Navy"? "With labour and sauce," says the proverb, "you may make very good soup out of the leg of a stool;" but to make an interesting speech—to hold enthralled a company of gentlemen for two hours—on such a subject as this, would seem to be a task beyond the reach of art. But this Mr. Cobden did, and did it without the aid of poetic fancy—for of this he has but little; and with small help from wit or humour—for these, too, are not much in his way. He did it, in his own manner, by his simple, unadorned eloquence, his lucid, masterly arrangement of his matter, and the force of his onward-marching, triumphant logic. Mr. Cobden never in his younger days spoke better than he did on this occasion. He seemed to be in the full vigour of health; he was hampered by no cough or hoarseness; he scarcely hesitated once in his career, though he had to quote figures and read extracts in abundance; and he never once for a moment lost his hold upon the attention of his hearers. He was himself again. There was the same close reasoning which staggered first and at last converted Sir Robert Peel; the same fascination of style, and aptness of illustration, and strong common sense which, as we well remember, used to compel applause even from stolid and hostile farmers; and not unfrequently made those who came to mob and curse remain to listen, and at length to praise if they could not bless. Of the subject of his speech we say nothing here. It may be right for the Government to be manufacturers; it may be wrong. This question it is not our duty to discuss; but, unquestionably, Mr. Cobden had the field to himself that night. All the speeches which followed Mr. Cobden's were weak, and some of them foolish; and only made the hon. gentleman's masterly harangue stand out in bold relief.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY have ordered a glazed circular aperture to be placed in each of their carriages. These apertures will be provided with curtains, so as to ensure privacy to the passengers, but will, at the same time, in the event of an assault by one individual upon another in any one of the carriages, afford to the occupant of an adjoining compartment the means of identifying the offenders.

UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY WOMEN have been discovered serving as soldiers in the army of the Potomac. It is supposed that nearly all these were in collusion with men who were examined by the surgeons and accepted, after which the fair ones substituted themselves and went on to the front. Curiously enough, over seventy of these martial *demoiselles*, when their sex was discovered, were acting as officers' servants.

#### Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JULY 22.

##### HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE ALLEGED NEW HOLY ALLIANCE.

Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE called attention to the rumours concerning the revival of the Holy Alliance, and asked whether the Government had any information thereon which could be submitted to Parliament without detriment to the public service. He reviewed the past Holy Alliance treaties, and said this country could not but regard with interest any attempt at its revival. He knew that the despatches on the subject which had been published in the papers had been declared to be forgeries; but he thought there had been some transactions which gave a colour to the rumour of the revival of the alliance.

Earl RUSSELL would not say that he had any belief in the genuineness of the diplomatic documents which had been published. They bore but little resemblance to authentic despatches which had come into his hands, and he thought there was in them internal evidence that they were not genuine. He did not believe either in the reported formation of a new Holy Alliance. The last had been anything but successful. If, however, the despotic Powers were so ill-advised as to revive the Holy Alliance, it would only have the effect of consolidating the alliance between France and England.

##### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Appropriation Bill was read a third time and passed.

##### THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

In answer to Mr. Maguire, Mr. LAYARD said that the seizure of the Chincha Islands by the Spaniards had occasioned great excitement and sympathy among several of the South American States, and Venezuela and other States had declared that if those islands were retained in the possession of Spain they were prepared to give their material aid to Peru; but it appeared that the Spanish Government disavowed any such intention, and had stated its readiness to restore the islands as soon as its pecuniary claims upon Peru had been satisfied.

##### THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Mr. CARDWELL, answering a question of Mr. Warner, stated that no arrangement had been come to with the Government of the Cape of Good Hope as to the expense of possible future wars. He added that he had that day received a despatch from the Governor to the effect that the expectations which had been formed with regard to the continuance of tranquillity in the Transkei were well founded.

##### GOVERNMENT MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS.

Mr. COBDEN called attention to the recent great extension of the Government manufacturing establishments, and in doing so enforced the principle that the Government ought not to be allowed to set up such establishments for the production of articles, and that when they had unfortunately got into a false system they should endeavour as far as possible to retrace their steps. In conclusion, he moved "That the recent great extension of Government manufacturing establishments calls for the attention of the Government. That it is expedient that steps be forthwith taken to place each separate establishment as nearly as possible on the footing of a private manufacturing concern or a public company, by taking a valuation of the fixed and floating capital employed, including the value of the land, and that upon this basis there be an annual stock-taking, when, after making all the customary deductions for depreciation of buildings, machinery, and plant, interest of capital, rates and taxes, and other charges, such a price be charged to the Government Departments for articles supplied as shall preserve the capital intact; and that these accounts, with a balance-sheet, be laid annually on the table of this House."

The motion was seconded by Colonel BARTTELOT, and a long debate ensued.

MONDAY, JULY 25.

##### HOUSE OF LORDS.

##### THE DANISH TREATIES.

Lord STRATHEDEN asked whether the treaties guaranteeing to Denmark the possession of Schleswig were to be held as having no longer any validity. He also moved for papers. At some length he discussed the policy of this country in reference to Denmark.

Earl GRANVILLE deprecated a reopening of the discussion. As to the Treaty of 1720, it was held to have no force, but the Treaty of 1852 was considered to be still binding, though much modified. After a brief discussion, the matter dropped.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN BILL.

Earl GRANVILLE moved the second reading of the New Zealand Guarantee of Loan Bill, the policy of which he defended.

Earl MALMSESBURY condemned the war in New Zealand, and censured the House of Commons for thus providing money for the continuance of that war.

After a brief discussion, in the course of which the Duke of CAMBRIDGE denied that the troops were disgusted with the war, as had been alleged, the bill was read a second time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

##### THE WAR IN AMERICA.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. Lindsay, said the Government saw with regret the continuance of the war in America, but they saw nothing which at present should induce them to seek to mediate in the quarrel.

##### FORTIFICATIONS BILL.

On the order for reading the Fortifications (Provision for Expenses) Bill a third time,

Mr. OSBORNE drew attention to the alterations which had been made in the original plan for the defences of Portsmouth by the abandonment of the fort on the Scourbridge shoal, commanding the anchorage at Spithead, on account of the want of a solid foundation, and the effect of which would be a considerably increased expense. He also indulged in some animadversions upon the still defective state of our ordnance, upon which, in the five years between 1858 and 1863, upwards of two millions and a half had been expended, yet up to this moment only 2370 guns had been issued to the two services, of which no more than 799 were 100-pounders.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON disputed the conclusion that the country was in so helpless a condition as Mr. Osborne would lead the House to believe. With regard to guns, the noble Marquis entered at some length into a detailed statement of the proceedings of the War Office and the Admiralty in the endeavour to supply the services with an efficient weapon; and added that experiments with the 600-pounders had been remarkably satisfactory, and proved that they would do all that could reasonably be expected from them. Although we were not quite so advanced in respect of ordnance as he could desire, he saw no reason why, by the time the forts were completed, they should not be armed with a portion of 600-pounders, at least, and the remainder of guns of smaller calibre. The bill was then read a third time and passed.

INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE BILL.

On the motion for the third reading of the Indian Medical Service Bill, Mr. Hennessy objected to it. After a long discussion, the third reading was negatived by 46 votes to 44.

POOR RELIEF (METROPOLIS) BILL.

The motion for going into Committee on the Poor Relief (Metropolis) Bill led to an animated discussion, in the course of which exception was taken to power being given to the Metropolitan Board of Works to levy a tax for the relief of "desolate wayfarers, wanderers, and foundlings" in the metropolis. The opposition, however, was withdrawn upon an undertaking being given by Mr. Villiers that the duration of the bill should be limited to the 1st of April next. The bill was then passed through Committee.

TUESDAY, JULY 26.

##### HOUSE OF LORDS.

##### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH called attention to the change which had taken place in the state of foreign affairs since the meeting of Parliament. Those changes not only affected Denmark and the balance of power, but also the sacredness of international engagements, the safety of all small States, and the progress of liberty in Europe. Parliament had accepted the policy of the Government in the matter, but he did not think that policy would have been adopted by any great statesman of former times, nor in any other reign than that of James I. He denounced the conduct of Austria and Prussia in respect to Denmark, and the aggressive spirit now shown by the members of the Holy Alliance. What had been done made it necessary that we should look more than ever to the perfecting of our fortifications and defences. In the atrocities perpetrated in Circassia and Poland and the unscrupulous spoliation of Denmark, he saw the provocation of Providence, and he hoped that we, who had not participated in them, might be exempted from the punishment, and even be called upon to take part in the work of vengeance.

Earl RUSSELL declined to enter into the general question, but proceeded to correct some mistakes of the noble Earl, with a view of showing that Denmark had not been blameless. He defended the policy of the Government, and promised that it should be persevered in.

After a few words from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe the matter dropped.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Hennessy moved an address to the Queen praying her to grant her fiat to the petition of right of Mr. O'Malley Irwin, or to satisfy his claims without suit.

The motion gave rise to a long discussion, in the course of which the Attorney-General for England and Ireland contended that Mr. Irwin had no petition of right, as his alleged grievance had no reference to either property or contract. Ultimately the motion was negatived without a division, and at nine o'clock the House was counted out.



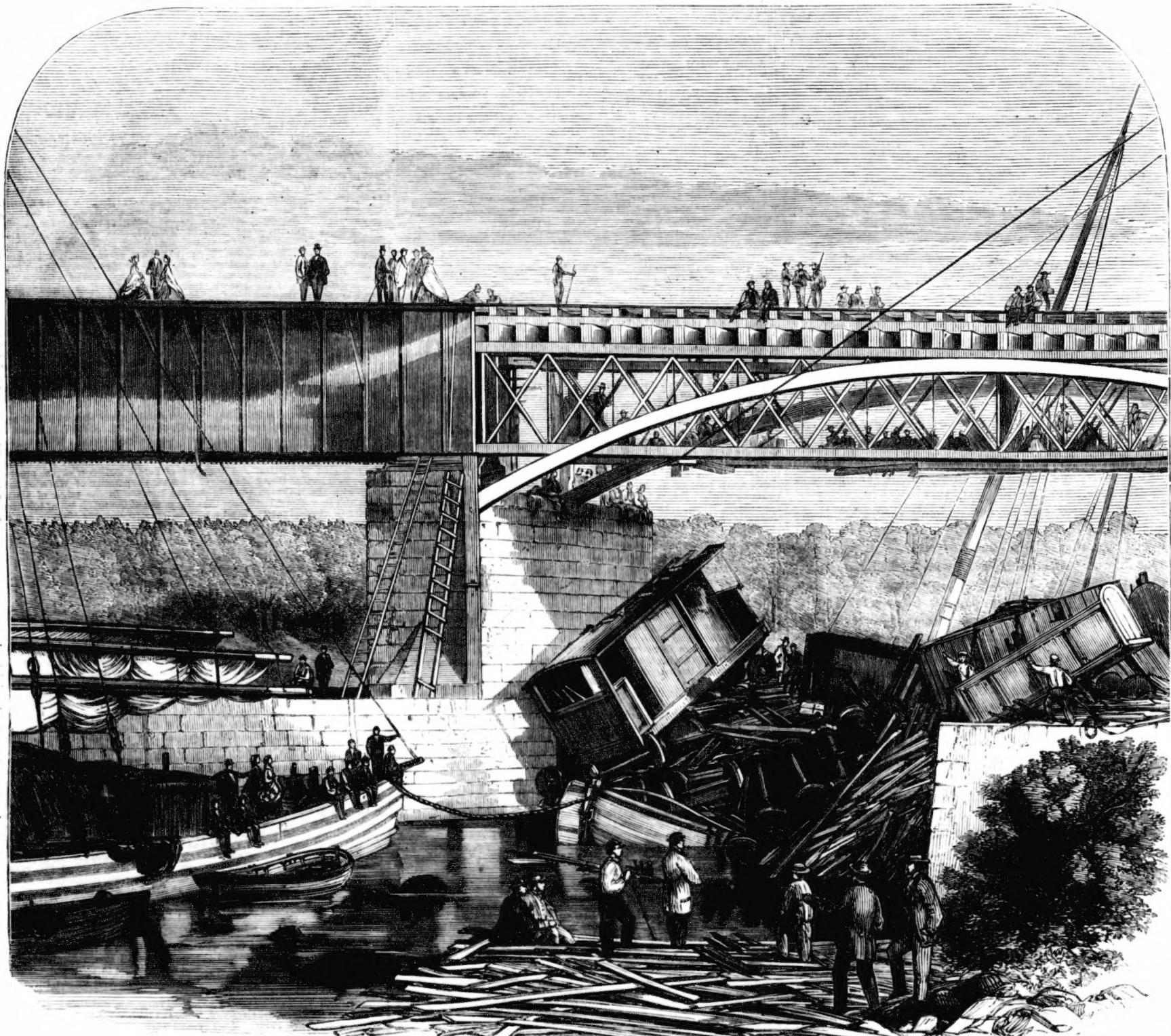
**THE  
INSURRECTION  
IN ALGERIA.**  
ARABS CARRYING  
OFF THE BODY OF  
THE SHERIF SI-  
LAZEREY.

We have already given some account of the rise of the insurrection in Algeria, and of its fomentation by the Marabout Si-Lazerey, a sort of fanatic Sherif, for whose opinions the Arabs professed great veneration. This man, who soon attained great influence, seems to have been a commander of no little skill and of undoubted courage, heightened by that kind of religious fervour which is always willing to undergo any risk, however terrible, rather than abandon a cause. The capture by the Arabs of the village of Zemouchat, in May last, and their successful attack on the caravansary, was succeeded by the murder of the garrison, all but two men, who threw themselves over a precipice to avoid being tortured by their ferocious enemies. The village was destroyed, and the Arabs advanced to Ami-Moussa, where, however, they were repulsed, but returned on the following day with increased determination. They rushed



ARABS BEARING OFF THE BODY OF THE SHERIF SI-LAZEREY AFTER THE BATTLE OF ABDALLAH.

like madmen to the wall of the fortress, and strove to make a breach with pick-axes. The houses in the village were sacked, and then burnt to the ground. Discouraged by the desperate resistance of the French in the fort, which cost these last only one man killed and a few wounded, among whom was a Lieutenant of the Algerian Riflemen, and hearing, moreover, of the arrival at Tiaut of General Martineau, they decamped on the night of the 28th, having left several dead on the ground. The Marabout Si-Lazerey, who was at their head, arrived at Gaelt-Bon-Zid on the 30th. On the 31st he dispatched 300 horsemen to the plains of Religanne. These men pillaged and then burnt farmhouses which had been abandoned. A battalion of the 82nd Regiment of the Line marched against them and killed eight men. They were thrown into confusion, and the Goum of the Mehali charged and dispersed them. Si-Lazerey was at last driven into the country of the Flittas, whither General Rose was preparing to follow him. The General encamped at Dar Ben-Abdal-lah, and on the 5th



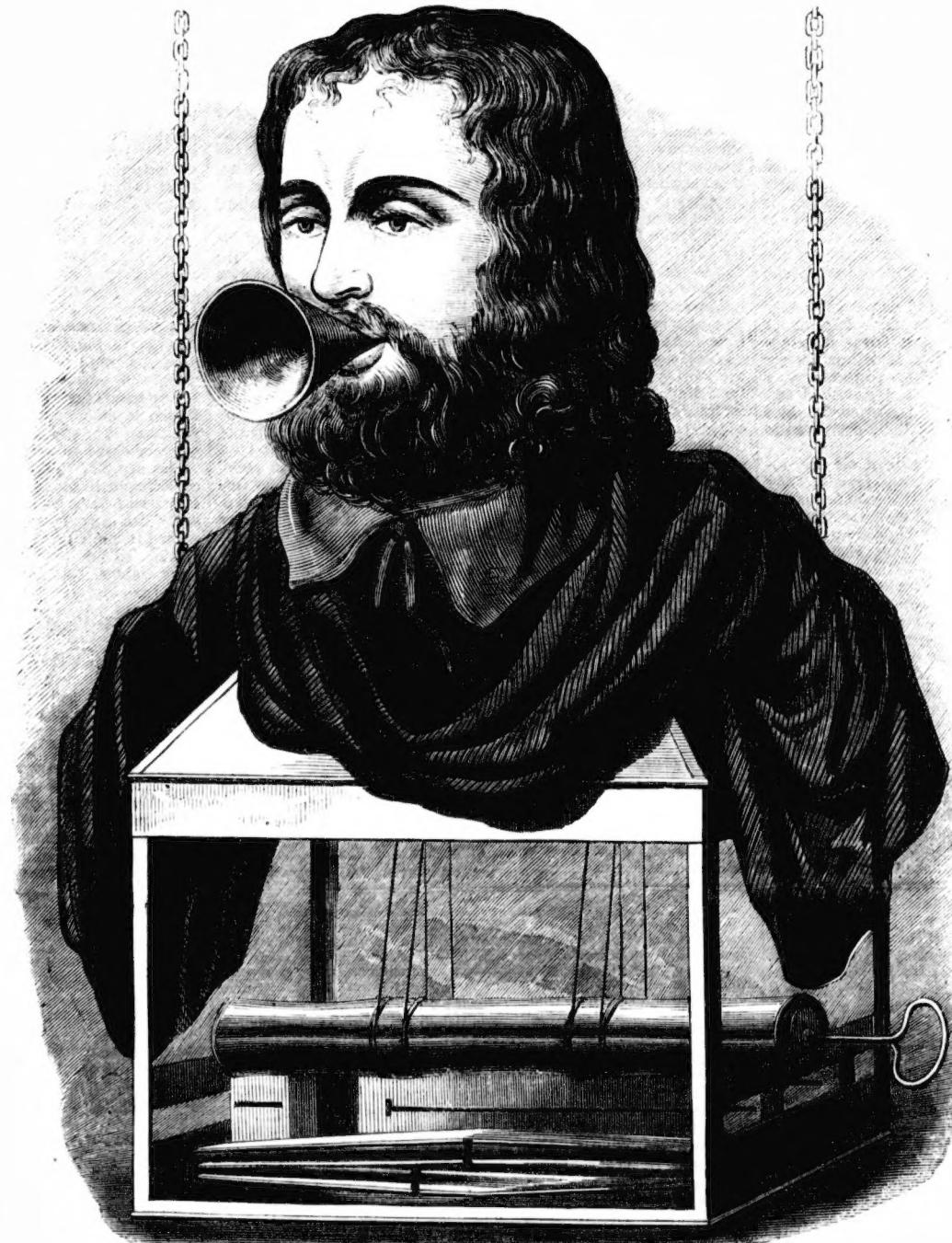
THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT BELCEIL BRIDGE, OVER RICHELIEU RIVER, NEAR MONTREAL (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BAZINET AND CO., TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE OCCURRENCE.)

of June the Sherif Si-Lazerey, who had by that time been joined by numerous insurgent tribes, attacked the camp. The battle lasted two hours, and the Arabs, who were at once received with grape-shot and a well-directed fusillade, were afterwards charged with the bayonet and completely routed. The insurgents left more than 200 dead upon the field, and the Marabout himself was killed—two of his horsemen seizing an opportunity of carrying away his body according to the Arab custom. Our Engraving represents the two to whom this task was committed at the moment of their flight. His death was followed by dissension among the insurgents, for the following day the Ouled Chaib and the Harrars are said to have asked pardon of General Deligny. Several labourers from Kabylia and from the Djurjura had, moreover, arrived at the plains in the neighbourhood of Algiers to seek employment in getting in the harvest. This incident is regarded as a proof that the inhabitants of those provinces are disposed to remain quiet.

The troops at present in Algeria amount to 54,000 men fit for action. Of these there are nearly 25,000 in the province of Oran. At the period that Abd-el-Kader was at the head of an imposing force fighting to expel the French, and was assisted by the Emperor of Morocco, the French troops in Algeria amounted to only 22,000 infantry and 1800 cavalry.

#### THE RAILWAY CATASTROPHE IN CANADA.

In our last Number we published a detailed account of the terrible catastrophe which lately occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Arrangements, we understand, are in progress between the directors of the company and the surviving sufferers for giving compensation for the injuries inflicted. These arrangements, in the first instance, apply to those persons whose injuries are not of a serious character, and who are so far recovered as to be out of danger. The claims of the friends of those who lost their lives, or whose injuries may lead to that sad result, cannot, of course, be immediately adjusted. Our Engraving portrays the appearance presented by the scene of the disaster shortly after the melancholy event occurred.

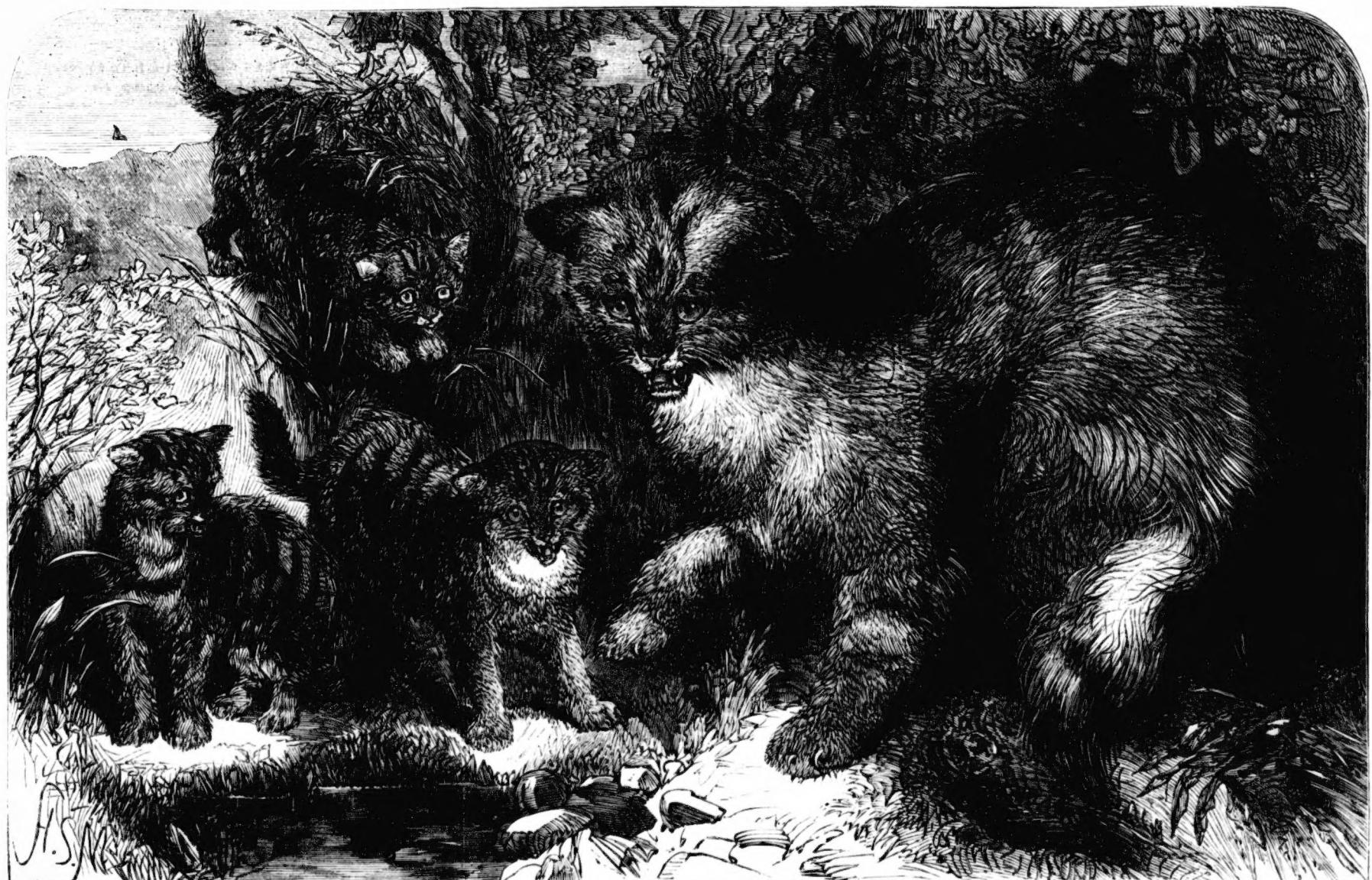


THE ANTHROPOGLOSSOS, OR MECHANICAL VOCALIST, AT THE ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

#### THE ANTHROPOGLOSSOS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

"SCIENCE," it has been said, "is a great invention." Habit has familiarised us with portraits executed by the sun, price one shilling; vehicles propelled by vapour, fare one penny per mile; and conversations carried on rapidly at a distance of a thousand miles, by the kind permission of electricity, at the rate of about one halfpenny per syllable; but as yet we have seen no human beings manufactured of wood, iron, whalebone, springs, gutta-percha, and galvanic battery. Automatons have been invented and exhibited; but their inventors have generally confined themselves to the imitation of animal life when affected with paralysis, rather than under its ordinary aspects. *They say*—those wonderful people *they*—the Mrs. Harris of antiquity—that, four centuries before the Christian era, Archytas of Tarentum made a wooden pigeon that flew about his chamber and alighted on his finger at the word of command. Then, again—to make a hop, skip, and jump in chronology—in 1738, Vaucanson, the inventor of the automaton fluteplayer, constructed a wonderful duck, which waddled, and gobbled, and quacked, and swam, and picked up worms, and drank, and washed its plumage with its bill, and courted the companionship of drakes, and had an apparatus in its interior that digested the food it swallowed, and altogether was a wonderful bird. If I remember rightly, it did not lay eggs, but it was none the less an ornithological marvel on that account. Everyone has heard of Kempel's famous automaton chessplayer—that marvellous mahogany Philidor—and some few of Dr. Hooke's famous chariot, that flew up into the air.

But what are pigeons, ducks, and fluteplayers—mere commonplace things, seen and heard every day—compared to an Anthropeglossos? Who has not heard the old story of the gentleman who, finding the announcement of steel-traps and spring-guns only an invitation to midnight marauders, painted on a placard, "Tondapain-abomenos kept here," and preserved all the peaches and apricots in his garden for ever after? Since the dread word



WILD CAT, WITH BROOD OF YOUNG ONES, IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S-PARK.

"Anthropoglossos" has frowned from the advertising-boards of the metropolis the little urchins of the streets have crossed over to the other side in fear and terror, believing it to be a device for their destruction. The Anthropoglossos! Awful polysyllable! Is it a wild animal? If so, alive or stuffed? If alive, chained up or in a cage? and "Oh! if you please, Sir, will it bite?"

The anthropoglossic programme, however, will explain anthropoglossodon better than I can, and in its own anthropo-glossary of poetic images. It says:—"Never, it is believed, since the very first sound of the human voice emanated from the earliest created of mankind, causing the oral mystery of sounded syllables to float upon the balmy airs of Paradise, until now, has aught been perfected which could approximate in any real degree to the divinely-bestowed 'music of speech.' Many and varied have been the efforts made from time to time to accomplish the apparently impossible purpose, but all have proved alike worse than futile. It has been reserved for Mr. Giacopo Sanguish, of Constantinople, to become the wonderful and fortunate inventor of an automaton head, which (miraculous to relate) he has so contrived, by means of the nicest and most exquisitely constructed mechanism, that it can rival Nature herself in its vocal and elocutionary powers. To say that this astonishing phenomenon is unique is to express the very least of the wonders which it exhibits, and to the witnessing of which the generous, talent-appreciating public of Great Britain is now most respectfully invited. While so doing, it is humbly yet confidently hoped, however high the expectations respecting this real prodigy may be raised, that in no single instance shall any person with whose patronage the exhibitor may be favoured meet a disappointment, but rather that each and all shall be compelled to acknowledge the 'half has not been told them.'

Two heads placed upon the chairs on each side of the Anthropoglossos are specimens of Anthropoglossi, male and female. They take no part in the performance. Having had the good fortune to be born, or rather moulded, with a tin funnel in their mouths, perhaps they are placed beside their senior that they may become inured to the public gaze, and able at some future time, when arrived at full growth, to please the public and be blessings to their proprietors.

The Anthropoglossos itself, as will be seen from our Engraving, is a large dummy head, made of wax and ornamented with that profusion of hair and beard peculiar to the models seen in the shop windows of hairdressers. In his mouth he wears a large tin funnel, and he is suspended from the ceiling by two long brass chains; from the throat a piece of red drapery descends about two feet in length. The figure is protected from over-enterprising public curiosity by a stout balustrade, before which marches a vigilant attendant, between whom and the spectators are a row of strong seats lashed tightly together. When the public has seated itself, gone through its customary preliminary look of mutual distrust, cough, and whisper, and listened to the manipulation of a quadrille on the piano; a man whom, though he wears no fez or voluminous trousers, but is attired in the garb of every-day London, I strongly suspect to be no other than Mr. Giacopo Sanguish, of Constantinople, himself, goes behind the figure, lifts up the red drapery, and discloses to view a bellows-like that of a concertina, a barrel-like that of a musical-box, and other machinery. The Anthropoglossos has then a key inserted into the back of his neck and is wound up, during which he—it (which is it?)—the Anthropoglossos—emits a melancholy moan, as of an accordion in extremity, and, the moan concluded, begins to warble "The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue." The sound, which appears to proceed from or about the tin funnel in the figure's mouth, is exactly that of the voice of a man with his head wrapped in a blanket, singing in the room next but one, "Polly Perkins," "Annie Lisle," "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and "God Save the Queen" follow, the automaton being wound up before each vocal effort. Circumstances over which the Anthropoglossos had no control compelled the omission of "A gipsy's life is a joyous life," for which an apology was made. "He can't do it—I mean he can't sing it," the exhibitor kindly explained.

Mr. Giacopo Sanguish may be congratulated on a knowledge of the sort of street-music popular in London, really wonderful for a resident in Constantinople, who would naturally be supposed to be more familiar with the ditties sung by the boatmen of the Bosphorus than the melodies encored nightly in our music-halls. Still more wonderful is the mechanical ingenuity he has displayed in making his automaton imitate so faithfully the accent and intonation of that portion of the humbler classes who reside east of Temple-bar and south of the Thames. The way in which the Anthropoglossos rendered the refrain of "Ri-fol-de-riddle-lol-de-rido" was so perfectly metallic, and yet so entirely nasal, as to bear the unmistakable *timbre* of Constantinople-Whitechapel.

#### WILD CATS.

FOUR specimens of the wild cat (*Felis catus*), an adult and three kittens, have lately been added to the collection of the Zoological Society of London, and are now in the gardens in Regent's Park. These animals were captured in Scotland, and were presented by the Earl of Seaford, F.R.S.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, in his "Natural History," states that few of the Felidae are so widely spread or so well known as the wild cat. It is found not only in this country, but over nearly the whole of Europe, and has been seen in Northern Asia and Nippon. In England the wild cat is almost extinct, having been gradually exterminated by the progress of civilisation and the conversion of forests and waste land into arable ground. It now very seldom occurs that a real wild cat is found, even in an English forest, for the creature appears to be driven gradually northwards, finding its last fortress among the wild districts in the north of England and on the barren ranges of the Scottish hills. Even there, however, its numbers seem to diminish rapidly, and the time is probably not far distant when the wild cat will be as nearly extinct as the wolf.

The colour of the wild cat is more uniform than that of the domestic animal. The ground tint of the fur is a yellowish or sandy grey, diversified with dark streaks drawn over the body and limbs in a very tigrine manner. These stripes run, as do those on the tiger, nearly at right angles with the line of the body and limbs, so that the creature has been termed with some justice the British tiger. A very thin, dark chain of streaks and spots runs along the spine, and the tail is thick, short, and bushy, with a black tip and many rings of a dark hue. The stripes along the ribs and on the legs are not so dark nor so well defined as those of the spine. The tail is barely half the length of the head and body. The fur is tolerably long and thick, and is particularly so when the animal is found in cold regions, such as some parts of Germany and Russia.

The wild cat takes up its residence in rocky and wooded districts, making its home in the cleft of a rock or the hollow of some aged tree, whence it issues upon its marauding excursions, making sad havoc among the game, and depopulating rabbit-warrens and poultry-yards to an extraordinary degree. When attacked and roused to fury the animal exhibits enormous energy and fierceness, as well as strength and agility. The body, when skinned, presents quite a mass of sinew and cartilage.

**THE NEW PUBLIC-HOUSE CLOSING ACT.**—The Act for further regulating the closing of public-houses and refreshment-houses within the metropolitan police district, the city of London, certain corporate boroughs, and other places, which has just been issued, and is to be cited as "The Public-house Closing Act," has immediate operation, being in force within the limits of the metropolitan police district, the city of London, and such corporate boroughs and districts of improvement commissioners as adopt the same. All public-houses and refreshment-houses are to be closed between one and four o'clock in the morning, but the prohibition as to the sale of articles does not extend to lodgers therein. The law as to the closing of public-houses on Sunday, Christmas Day, and Good Friday is to extend to refreshment-houses. The Act is to extend to free-vintners. Occasional licenses, to exemptions from the Act, may be granted by the local authorities (the police) to licensed victuallers and to refreshment-house keepers. The new law may be adopted in corporate towns by a resolution. With regard to railway-stations, it is enacted that "nothing herein contained shall apply to the sale at a railway-station between the hours of one and four o'clock in the morning of excisable liquors or refreshments to persons arriving at or departing from such station by railroad."

#### THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

WILL there be a dissolution this year, or will it be postponed till next? This is the only political question which agitates the minds of members of Parliament and politicians generally. Some of our City Solons think—nay, assert positively—that it is all settled, and that the dissolution will certainly come off in November. What authority they have I cannot learn. The Government whip pooh-pooh the assertion, and declare that Palmerston will not dissolve this year, unless he should be forced to do it by events yet unrevealed; and my own opinion is that at present he has no intention to dissolve until the year 1865. Then, if not before, he must dissolve, as Parliament would die a natural death in 1866, and it is not the custom to permit it to live out its natural term. I should say that, if no accident happen, Parliament will meet in February, get the supplies as quickly as possible, and, that business being finished, receive its mittimus.

Sir James Duke has announced his intention to resign his seat for the City. His plea is some alteration in his domestic relations. He has—albeit he is, or is said to be, seventy years old; for Dod does not give us his age—got married lately—married a young wife, who has presented him with a son and heir. This is, I suppose, what he means by altered domestic relations. He is married and cannot come. As you may suppose, Sir James's announcement has caused no little merriment in the City. The child, it is said, is fretful, and the worthy Baronet is wanted at home to rock the cradle. The Lord Mayor, Mr. Lawrence, has announced himself as a candidate for Sir James's seat. It is also rumoured that Mr. Göschen is to be opposed: why, I cannot say. Mr. Göschen is the best member of the four; he is a man of property, and has brains, if that be a qualification for a City member. Some say that his German name, arguing German extraction, does not please some of the City free and independent electors: everything German is now oppressive. But then Rothschild is a German by extraction. I should be sorry to see Mr. Göschen discarded, for he is really, his name notwithstanding, a credit to the City.

Good Mr. Divett, the member for Exeter, is dead. He has long been ailing, and did not vote on the great division, but he was in the house about three weeks ago, and nobody then expected that his end was so near. Mr. Beale, the member for Derby, and chairman of the Midland Railway, is, I am told, surprisingly recovered, which all who know him will be glad to learn. Mr. Stirling, of Keir, whose sudden indisposition put a stop to the proceedings of the Lisburn Election Committee, has, after some months' illness, regained his health. He has come back to the house with a half-grown grizzled beard, which makes him look more aged if not more handsome.

The Executive of the London Shakespeare Committee have been sending out a circular to the subscribers to the proposed memorial which was to have been erected in the Green Park suggesting that the £1200, which is all they have, or are likely to get, towards the amount of £30,000 which they originally fixed upon as requisite, should be devoted to the erection of a statue of Shakespeare in the neighbourhood of the Thames Embankment. To this sapient suggestion one of the subscribers has sent the annexed reply:

To the Hon. Secretaries of the Shakespeare Memorial.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your circular of the 20th, I must protest against any application of the money raised for a grand memorial towards a petty monument, to figure on the Thames Embankment, to be pointed at by the finger of scorn as the failure of the London Committee to do honour to Shakespeare.

I think that a meeting of the subscribers ought to be convened at once to consider the best course to be pursued; but, in the event of the Executive Committee not deeming it expedient to meet the general body of subscribers, then I beg respectfully to suggest that it would be far better to appropriate the funds in hand, after audit of the expenditure, to the Dramatic College for the schools. I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

16, Surrey-street, Strand, W.C.

C. L. GRUNENBERG.

Whatever may be said of the detectives in relation to the murder of Mr. Briggs, it must be admitted that the penny-a-liners have exceeded themselves. Nothing could be richer than the accounts they gave of the capture and detention, in a provincial town, of a *mawais sujet* who happened to have the name of Müller written on a piece of paper in his possession, and who couldn't give the best account of himself. At first we were told that the man smiled—"On being asked if he had murdered the late Mr. Briggs, the prisoner smiled." There is then a gap of twaddle:—"On being again asked if he was guilty, the prisoner smiled once more. Nothing further was elicited from him; but it is expected that he will be identified to-morrow." Then, follow, of course, "STILL LATER PARTICULARS.—There is a considerable change in the demeanour of the prisoner. He has now become melancholy and dejected, and has been seen to weep. He is handcuffed down to a bed. On being requested to state if he was the murderer of the late Mr. Briggs, he shed tears, but said nothing of a definite character. He, however, refused to partake of refreshment." By-the-by, how could he partake unless victuals were held to his mouth?

"The officer from Sir Richard Mayne, to identify the prisoner, is expected in about twenty minutes. On being again asked if he was the perpetrator of the crime, the prisoner shed tears somewhat more profusely than before." Really, all this is not surprising. If you strap a poor wretch down to a bed, and send in relays of men to him every half hour to ask if he murdered Mr. Briggs, he is very likely both to shed tears and to have a poor appetite. Readers of the dailies will judge if I have misrepresented. There was a very fine morsel, by-the-by, when the man committed suicide in Nunhead Cemetery on his mother's grave:—"As soon as it became known in the neighbourhood that a man had been found in an expiring state, a report rapidly spread over the south of London that it was the murderer of the late Mr. Briggs, who, smitten with remorse for the rash and cruel deed, had formed the resolution to destroy his own existence by cyanide of potassium on his mother's grave."

Talking of detectives, by-the-way, I may mention something that befell me in the House of Commons the other day. Walking along a certain corridor, where I had never been challenged in all my life before, I was suddenly stopped by a policeman, who asked my business. "Well," said I, "I'm going to do" so-and-so (giving an utterly fictitious errand); "but," added I, "I never was stopped before, and why should you ask me my business?" The answer of the astute sentry deserves to be recorded: "As you're going to post a letter, Sir, it's all right; but how could I tell without asking whether you wasn't going to assassinate the Speaker?"

If this is the principle on which detectives proceed, no wonder they don't catch murderers. But, I must confess, I think they have been over-abused. It is absurd to say that Mr. Dickens over-praised the fraternity because he made Mr. Bucket: for a novelist may create what types he pleases within the bounds of possibility. Why should our detectives be expected to find out anybody who commits murder? The same facilities of communication, the same "annihilation of time and space" (as it is absurdly called) which help "justice" to pursue, help crime to escape. The probability, surely, is that, organise what detective force you please, a good many criminals will never be caught.

Now that the *Realm* is dead and gone, I will mention a small matter which I did not mention while it lived, for fear of vexing it. It quoted, with some little bashful ostentation, a joke of Mr. Thackeray, at dinner, as his sole contribution to the columns of the journal. And what do you think it was?—uttered, said the *Realm* candidly, in a solemn tone of voice.

We printed the *Rebellum*,  
On paper of vellum!

Now, vellum is surely the skin of a calf!

It is too hot to talk of anything but the seaside and watering-places. Affairs have taken a most remarkable turn at Baden. By order of the police no *unmarried* lady is permitted to reside there more than four-and-twenty hours. It is a significant fact, taken in connection with this endeavour to enforce morality by police power, that the price of apartments in festive, gambling Baden has diminished one third. What would be said here if the gallant A division ordered "Anonyma" to "move on" from the parks?

The old lords would have to canter and amble elsewhere, and guardsmen would throw up their commissions.

And, apropos of Baden, I read that the German ladies, disdaining mere personal beauty as being a fleeting quality and only skin-deep, intend to replace it by *sentiment*—as fleeting a thing as beauty itself, but one more easily procurable, and with this advantage that it will suit every complexion, face, and figure.

Did you ever hear of Miss Pauline Cushman? She is one of the most "remarkable women" in the States. Here is news of her. She is in her twenty-second year, and has adopted the Northern side in politics, her sympathies being strong enough to induce her to act as spy to the Federals. By the aid of her wit and beauty she speedily obtained the confidence of several Confederate officers of distinction, and communicated the information she received from them to her friends in the North. After extricating herself from many difficulties in which her talent for intrigue involved her, she at length became subject to suspicion, and was taken before General Bragg. Here she behaved with much intrepidity, threatening to shoot anyone who dared to accuse her of treachery. She was, however, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Before the penalty was put in force she was rescued by Federal troops and carried to New York. As a reward for her services the title of *Major* has been bestowed upon her, and the manager of the Washington Theatre has offered her a thousand dollars a week to appear upon his boards. She declined this offer, and entered into an arrangement with Professor Barnum. Surely some of our London "spirited and enterprising" lessees will hasten to secure the services of this gifted lady, whose dramatic genius must be undoubted, for has she not threatened to shoot anyone who dared to accuse her of treachery, and also been sentenced to be hanged? These things never happened to tragedienne or comedienne before, not even to the Siddons or the Jordan, both of whom I have no doubt Miss or Mrs. Major Pauline Cushman will "lick eternal into blue convulsions."

On the sixth day's sale of the library of the late Mr. George Daniel, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge's rooms in Wellington-street were crowded to excess. "Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," the first edition, with the portrait by Droschout, and the verses by Ben Jonson, were knocked down to Miss Burdett Coutts for 682*gs*. As to separate plays, the first edition of "Richard II." was sold for 325*gs*; "Richard III." for 325*gs*; "The Most Excellent Historie of Shylocke the Jewe" for 35*gs*; and the "Midsummer Night's Dreame" for 230*gs*. All the rare works disposed of fetched enormous prices. "Those who part with money never feign." There is honour for you! Honour! immortality! far beyond a tercentenary celebration or a monument "embracing a statue."

The new Royal Academy Associates are announced. The associate painters are Messrs. Calderon and Leighton; and I think it will be universally acknowledged that the choice could not have fallen better, though where there was so much merit to select from the task was somewhat invidious. Mr. Calderon's "Broken Vows," his "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," and his "Cloister at Arles" (in this year's exhibition), would fully establish his right to more even than a mere associateship. The "Procession of Cimabue," and a list of other splendid works too long to enumerate, down to this year's "Dante" and "Orpheus," place Mr. Leighton's claims beyond dispute. While speaking of him, I would advise my readers by no means to omit a pilgrimage to the "Boilers," where they will find a great treat in the panel of gold whereon this exquisite artist has portrayed Cimabue. The Italian master is clad in white, and the splendid treatment of a figure clad in so difficult a colour is beyond praise. There are other figures by other noted hands in the adjoining compartments, which are very meritorious, and deserve a visit. The third Associate is a sculptor, Mr. Stephens.

Some journals, I need hardly tell you, pride themselves greatly on their typographical correctness, as well as their general infallibility. One of the chief among these is the *Supperline*, as John Bright delights to call the *Saturday Review*. As a rule, it really has considerable grounds for its pride; but even Homer nods at times, and last week the Argus eyes of the editor must have winked for a moment on looking over an essay "On Repose"—a compliment, perhaps, to the author; but, alas! during that moment of unconsciousness a Latin quotation, or, rather, misquotation, most damaging to the reputation of a classical journal, was passed unnoticed. Some lines from Horace's "Persicus Odi" (you remember how well Thackeray parodied it) were inserted as follows:—

Neque tu ministrum neque me sub  
Arcta vite bibentem.

This looks like a blundering attempt to make a bad hexameter out of exquisite sapphics. Poor *Saturday*! how long will it be recovering from the blow?

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir." Such is the position of any green-room flaneur at the present moment. The majority of the theatres are closed, and the ST. JAMES'S has advertised its last weeks. There is an *on dit*—but theatrical *on dit* are curiously baseless—that the ALHAMBRA in Leicester-square is to be converted into a theatre, of which Mr. Alfred Wigan is to be the manager. Perhaps, when he hears this, no one will be more surprised than Mr. Alfred Wigan himself.

There has been an action tried before Mr. Baron Martin, at Lewes, in which Mr. Telbin, the celebrated artist, sued Mr. Fechter for £130 for painting and providing the scenery of "Hamlet." Mr. Fechter had stated by letter that, owing to the scenery not being ready by the date promised by Mr. Telbin, he (Mr. Fechter) lost £2000. Mr. Telbin denied that he ever promised the scenery by a certain date, and that, when the scenery was almost completed, he called at the stage-door of the Lyceum to put a few finishing touches to it, but was denied admission. It is most likely that there were faults on both sides. Managers are apt to be imperious. Kings are not more imperious than rhymes, nor rhymes than managers; and scene-painters, like tailors and bootmakers, are apt to be tardy. The jury found a verdict for Mr. Telbin for the full amount.

A FRENCH CAPTAIN reports that there are four Confederate war vessels—the General Lee, the Georgia, the Florida, and the New Alabama—cruising in the Chops of the Channel.

**THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.**—The distribution of prizes won at the Wimbledon Meeting took place on Saturday last, and in the evening there was a review of about 10,000 volunteers by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. The weather, as it had been all through, was most brilliant, and the attendance of visitors was greater than on any former occasion. It was expected that Earl De Grey or the Earl of Ellenborough would be present to distribute the prizes, but both noblemen were unavoidably absent, and Lady Elcho proved an admirable substitute. Previous to the distribution Lord Elcho addressed the volunteers, congratulating them on the success of the year's meeting, which had only been attended by one misfortune—an accident to a marker, named Cooper, who was unfortunately shot on the preceding Thursday, and whose wound had excited commiseration in all quarters, her Majesty herself having sent a telegram to know his condition. It is satisfactory to state that the poor fellow still survives, and that the surgeons now entertain some faint hopes of his being saved. In consideration of his state the sham fight which was intended became a mere review; no guns were fired, no bugles were sounded; the camp, in fact, became, in its quiet, one extended sick-chamber. This rendered the closing spectacle of this year's meeting rather tame, but all present acquiesced in it in consideration of its cause. The Elcho challenge shield, which has now been finished, has this year been carried off by the Scottish eight, prominent among whom were Captain Horatio Ross and his sons. The *Owl* prize has been won by Sergeant Martin Smith, of the Victorias. It consists of an extremely classical silver vase, with two finely tapered handles, rising the entire height, and between which, on the summit of the lid, is perched a well-modelled owl. The body of the vase has on each side a beautifully executed bas-relief in oxidised silver, the one representing Minerva (the goddess of wisdom, learning, arts, and arms), seated with shield and spear, and by her side an owl, another of those emblematic birds of children crowned with vine-leaves, bunches of grapes strewed about in the foreground, and a sage owl gazing on them from the bough of a neighbouring tree. The vase is supported by a fluted stem, and stands on an ebony pedestal, which bears a silver shield with a suitable inscription.

## OUR FEUILLETON.

## A CASE OF PRECEDENCE.

M. De Luxembourg, proud of his successes as a General, believed himself sufficiently strong after his return from Flanders to claim precedence over seventeen Dukes, among whom was the celebrated Duke de St. Simon. That admirable chronicler, whose memoirs have recently found an excellent English translator in Mr. Boyle St. John, has left full particulars of the proceedings of the assembly that was convoked in order to consider the claim. Indeed, a question of precedence had more interest for St. Simon than any other, and we often find in his memoirs that, whereas an important battle is dismissed in a few lines, an affair which involves considerations of genealogy and Court etiquette has whole pages, and, indeed, whole chapters, devoted to it. Mr. St. John, in his version, has omitted or abridged these tiresome details, so that the memoirs of St. Simon in their English dress are really much more entertaining than in the original French.

M. De Luxembourg was the only son of M. De Bouteville, and had married a descendant of François de Luxembourg, Duke of Pincé, who had been created Peer of France in 1581. It was a peerage which, in default of male successors, went to the female, but this descendant was not heir to it. She was the child of a second marriage, and, by a first marriage, her mother had given birth to a son and daughter who were the inheritors of the peerage, both of whom were still living. The son, however, was an idiot. He had been declared incapable of attending to his affairs, and had even been shut up in a lunatic asylum. The daughter had taken the veil, and was mistress of the novices at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. The peerage had thus almost become extinct; for it was vested in an idiot, who could not marry (to prevent him doing so he had been made a deacon, and he was bound, in consequence, to remain single), and in a nun, who was equally bound by her vows to the same state of celibacy.

When M. De Bouteville—for that was his only title then—married, he took the arms and the name of Luxembourg. He did more. By powerful influence—notably that of his patron, the Prince of Condé—he released the idiot deacon from his asylum and the nun from her convent, and induced them both to surrender to him their possessions and their titles. This done, he commenced proceedings at once, in order to obtain legal recognition of his right to the dignities he had thus got possession of. He claimed to be acknowledged Duc de Pincé, with all the privileges attached to that title as a creation of 1581.

Nearly everybody was in his favour. The Court, though not the King, was almost entirely for him; and the town, dazzled by the splendour of his exploits, was devoted to him.

In the Parliament he found a staunch supporter in Harlay, the Chief President, who led that great body at his will, and whose devotion he had acquired to such a degree that he believed that for M. De Luxembourg to undertake and succeed were the same things, and that this grand affair would scarcely cost him a winter to carry.

To assist M. De Luxembourg's case as much as possible the celebrated Racine was employed to polish and ornament his pleas. Nothing was left undone by M. De Luxembourg in order to gain this cause.

"The trial having commenced," says St. Simon, "we soon saw how badly disposed the chief president was towards us. He obstructed us in every way, and acted against all rules. There seemed no means of defeating his evident intention of judging against us than by gaining time, first of all; and, to do this, we determined to get the case adjourned. There were, however, only two days at our disposal, and that was not enough in order to comply with the forms required for such a step. We were all in the greatest embarrassment when it fortunately came into the head of one of our lawyers to remind us of a privilege we possessed, by which, without much difficulty, we could obtain what we required. I was the only one who could at that moment make use of this privilege. I hastened home at once to obtain the necessary papers, deposited them with the procureur of M. De Luxembourg, and the adjournment was obtained. The rage of M. De Luxembourg was without bounds. When we met he would not salute me, and, in consequence, I discontinued to salute him, by which he lost more than I in his position and at his age, and furnished in the rooms and the galleries of Versailles a sufficiently ridiculous spectacle." In addition to this, he quarrelled openly with M. De Richelieu, and made a bitter attack upon him in one of his pleas. But M. De Richelieu, meeting him soon after in the Salle des Gardes at Versailles, told him to his face that he should soon have a reply, and said that he feared him neither on horseback nor on foot—neither him nor his crew—neither in town nor at the Court, nor even in the army, nor in any place in the world; and, without allowing time for a reply, he turned on his heel. In the end M. De Luxembourg found himself so closely pressed that he was glad to apologise to M. De Richelieu.

In the spring of 1696 the case was at last brought on before the general assembly of the chambers. St. Simon and the other Dukes seated themselves in court to hear the proceedings. The trials commenced. All the facts and particulars of the cause were brought forward. Their advocates spoke, and then few doubted but that they would gain the victory. M. De Luxembourg's advocate, Dumont, was next heard. He was very audacious, and spoke so insolently of them, saying, in Scripture phraseology, "that they honoured the King with their lips, whilst their hearts were far from him," that St. Simon, as he tells us, was unable to contain himself. He was seated between the Duke de la Rochefoucauld and the Duke d'Estrees. He stood up, crying out against the imposture of this knave, and calling for justice on him. M. de la Rochefoucauld pulled him back, made him keep silent, and he plunged down into his seat more from anger against him than against the advocate. This movement excited a murmur. They might, on the instant, have had justice against Dumont, but the opportunity had passed from them to ask for it, and the President de Maisons made a slight excuse for him. They complained, however, afterwards, to the King, who expressed his surprise that Dumont had not been stopped in the midst of his speech.

The summing up was made by D'Aguesseau, who acquitted himself of the task with much eloquence and impartiality. His speech lasted two days. At its conclusion the court was cleared, and the Judges were left alone to deliberate upon their verdict. Some time after St. Simon and his friends were called in to hear that verdict given. It was in favour of M. De Luxembourg so far as the title dating from 1662 was concerned; but the consideration of his claim to the title of 1581 was adjourned indefinitely; so that he remained exactly in the same position as his father. M. De Luxembourg was, accordingly, received at the Parliament, on the 1st of the following May, with the rank of 1662. In accordance with the prevailing custom, he visited all the members in turn, but they would have no intercourse with him or with his judges.

H. S. E.

CAROLINA  
BY HENRY TIMROD.

I.  
THE despot treads thy sacred sands,  
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,  
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,  
Carolina!  
He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,  
He scorns the lances of thy palm;  
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm?  
Carolina!  
Thy ancient fame is growing dim,  
A spot is on thy garment's rim,  
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,  
Carolina!

II.  
Call on thy children of the hill,  
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,  
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,  
Carolina!  
Cite wealth and science, trade and art,  
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,  
And pour thee through the people's heart,  
Carolina!  
Till even the coward spurns his fears,  
And all thy fields and fons and meres,  
Shall bristle like thy palms with spears,  
Carolina!

III.  
Hold up the glories of thy dead;  
Say how thy older children bled,  
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,  
Carolina!  
Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,  
And what his dauntless breast defied;  
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,  
Carolina!  
Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,  
Shall fall like Marion's bugle blast  
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,  
Carolina!

IV.  
I hear a murmur as of waves  
That grope their way through sunless caves,  
Like bodies struggling in their graves,  
Carolina!  
And now it deepens; slow and grand  
It swells, as rolling to the land  
An ocean broke upon the strand,  
Carolina!  
Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!  
And roar with all thy festal guns!  
It is the answer of thy sons,  
Carolina!

V.  
They will not wait to hear thee call;  
From Sachem's head to Sumter's wall  
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,  
Carolina!  
No! thou hast not a stain they say,  
Or none save what the battle-day  
Shall wash in seas of blood away,  
Carolina!  
Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,  
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,  
They shall not touch thy noble heart,  
Carolina!

VI.  
Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall  
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;  
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,  
Carolina!  
When by thy bier in mournful throngs  
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,  
'T will be their own funeral songs,  
Carolina!  
From thy dead breast by ruffians trod  
No helpless child shall look to God;  
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,  
Carolina!

VII.  
Girt with such wills to do and bear,  
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,  
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,  
Carolina!  
Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!  
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas  
Like thine own proud armorial trees,  
Carolina!  
Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,  
And roar the challenge from thy guns;  
Then leave the future to thy sons,  
Carolina!

## THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

## NINE A.M.—BUSINESS MEN.

FOR once in my life I feel inclined to disagree with the lady artist whose initials appear at the left-hand corner of our "Nine a.m." Illustration. As a picture, I have nothing to say against it; but why should its title be "Business Men"? With the exception of the pretty little governess, with the music-book under her arm, the only truly "business" individual to my eye is the young gentleman in the battered breeches, who occupies so prominent a position in the foreground. He is a "business man," without doubt. While every other head in the picture was as yet pressing the pillow, while the horrible shrieks of the London and North-Western mail-train whistle was startling the babyhood of day; while the omnibuses, now so prim and bright, still reposed in "the yard," spattered and grimy with yesterday's mire, this small radical was up and doing. He was whistling over Blackfriar's Bridge while St. Paul's was chiming four; and before six o'clock he had borne the brunt of four battles in as many newspaper-publishing offices, coming off in each case with flying colours. True, you may find the result of one of his skirmishes recorded in a crimson smudge over the latest American war news; but, don't be alarmed, it was only his nose, and you should have seen the other chap's eye! "Well, and served him right. What call had he got to push and shove people about, and call them 'young feller,' because he wore a four-and-nine and had a pencil stuck behind his ear just as though he was wholesale—'Nine quires, if you please, Sir' (just fancy calling the chap behind the counter 'Sir'), as stuck up as though he wanted the whole lot for his private reading. 'And, please Sir, rop em up in wilit tissue for the genelman, cos he's left his kid gloves at home on the peana,' says I. 'Let me have none of your impertinence, young feller,' says he. 'Well, you don't stand in want of it, havin' a jolly good stock of your own,' says I; 'howsomever, p'raps you'll be so polite as not to scrounge, and to take your hoofs off my toes, or else somethin' might happen to that hat!' That was the way the row began; in the short space of seven minutes it was all over—the stuck-up one defeated, the quire of Stars secured, the wounded nasal organ bathed at the pump, and Battered Breeches is enlivening dosy Fleet-street with "Sally come up the middle" as he makes his way to the office where a supply of "grafts" (B.B.'s playful abbreviation of *Daily Telegraph*) may be obtained.

And did the publisher of that eminently peaceful newspaper the *Star* permit this pugilistic encounter on his premises? Did he not instantly take measures for the protection of the stuck-up one and the expulsion of Battered Breeches? Did the porter take B. B. by his baggy part and the nape of his neck, and thrusting him out, warn him never to show his face in Dorset-street again? He did not. The obligations he and his employers are under to B. B. forbade any such unceremonious proceeding. For, be it known, Battered Breeches is one of the chief pillars of the cheap press. Had it not been for B. B. and his numerous friends that mighty engine the penny paper would have stood still long ago; the requisite "mint sauce" (as that horribly vulgar and slangy B. B. terms money), so necessary for lubricative purposes, would have been wanting; and creaking, and rust, and decay would speedily have ensued. But B. B., like the shrewd fellow he always shows himself, took the

matter into his consideration. He was hawking hearthstone at the time at a profit of about sixpence a day, and one morning, just as he was beginning his rounds, he happened to call at a house at the moment when the newspaper boy was delivering a *Times*.

"I wish I had *your* billet, young 'un, and you had *mine*," said B. B., ruefully contrasting the light bundle under the boy's arm with his own heavy bag. "How much profit might there be on that there lot now?" And the newspaper boy, having leisure and not too much pride to converse with a hearthstone boy, obligingly sat down and made a calculation. "There's one and tuppence on this lot," said he; "that's a quarter profit, don't you see, and a little over."

"Is it a quarter profit on the penny 'uns?" asked B. B.  
"It's always a quarter profit," he was answered.

"And can you get as many as you like?"

"The more the merrier."

So the newspaper boy went his way, and for more than an hour B. B. sat in the sun on his hearthstone bag, in the very brownest of studies. Little did the despairing father of the first-born "penny daily," as he that morning contemplated his month-old bantling, starving and pining to death under his anxious eyes, dream that at that very moment good luck was hatching for him. He would not have believed it if he had seen the hatchet; for, truly, B. B., who at that time had neither cap nor boots, was not a "likely-looking bird;" and if he and a gentleman with £500 to lend had simultaneously made their appearance at the office of the *Lightning Conductor*, and each offered his services, there can be little doubt as to which the proprietor would have chosen. Nevertheless, had he accepted the five hundred, and for ever lost humble B. B., he would have done a very foolish thing.

And yet B. B. had but sevenpence in the world. But after an hour's cogitation he rose up a boy with a purpose; and had his life depended on the sale of his hearthstone he could not have hawked it more earnestly. He begged, he implored, with tears in his eyes, as neatly he piled the tempting pen'orth against the area railings, and added another lump, and another, and yet still one more, and cried, "Do, please marm!" in such a way that it was impossible, unless one had a heart ten times harder than he vowed his hearthstone was, to deny him. By evening, although he had dined out of his bag, and afforded himself half a pint of beer at the time, his sevenpence had increased to eighteenpence.

Six o'clock next morning saw him at the office of the *Lightning Conductor*. Eight o'clock saw him at the railway station, astonishing cads and policemen and alarming nervous omnibus-riders by his tremendous activity and the power of his lungs. "Penny daily, Sir! penny daily! War with Roosher and horrible murder in Pentonwill! Penny daily, Sir! Latest edition!" If he had had long practice as a waiter in an up-stairs dining-room, or any number of months' experience at the Model Prison, he could not have skipped on and off the kerb and up and down the omnibus-steps with greater agility. By half-past eight he had sold his twenty-five "dailies," and bagged nineteenpence clear. What was the result? Twenty pairs of admiring, envious eyes had observed his success. The crossing-sweep pondered the matter over his fruitless broom; the boys who simply "hung about" held council together. The morning following, when B. B. went for his quire and a half, he found to his dismay four other young gentlemen of his own stamp and on the same errand. Nevertheless, despite his great fear that the market would be glutted and his scheme ruined, he sold out, and the other four adventurers sold out, and the news spread through the town like wildfire (whatever that may be). Day by day the B. B. brigade grew stronger and stronger until it became a thousand strong, and so the penny daily newspaper became a national institution. I wonder how a man would be received if he were to wait on the nabobs of the *Star*, and the *Standard*, and the *Gref!*, and suggest the propriety of a banquet to Battered Breeches!

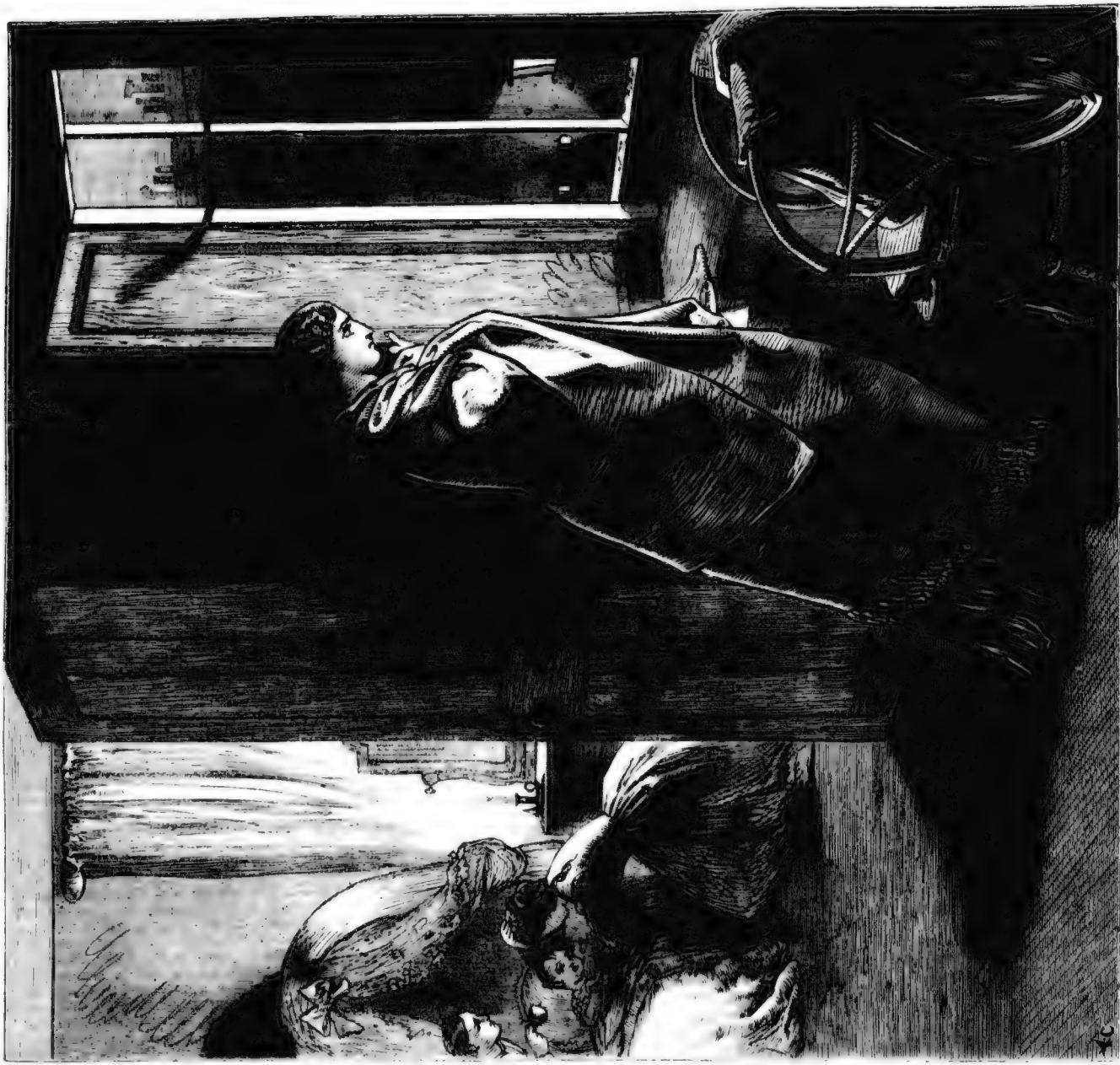
And now, having entered so fully into the case of Battered Breeches to prove him a man of business, it may be fairly expected of me that I should substantiate my objection to the remainder of the individuals forming the picture. It should be understood that I specially refer to the group on the pavement; and I object to their being styled men of business, because I firmly believe them to be no better than a parcel of stockbrokers. They are bound for the "Exchange," every man of them. Look at that amiable-visaged gentleman gnashing his teeth and recklessly running the ferule of his umbrella between the paving-stones! Can he be anything else than a "bear"? Who can for a moment regard his stout neighbour and arrive at any other conclusion than that he has been dabbling in "Wheal Betsy Janes" or "Vallanzasca silver-leads," and for once has burnt his fingers? That is the intelligence his old clerk has brought, and—faithful, sympathetic fellow!—"Wheal Betsy Jane" herself, at her worst periods of depression, cannot look sadder than he does. That knowing-looking gentleman, with his hat jauntily tilted, and caressing his nose for its sagacity, is, I make no doubt, a broker too. Betsy Jane's decline was exactly the thing he desired; he knew she must go down, and he speculated for it. The next bus will do very well for him; he's in no hurry.

"But," says the reader, "granted that the men you have selected and the rest are stockbrokers, surely they are none the less 'business men' on that account?" Well, you see, so much depends on the definition of the word "business." If you take the term to mean simply a subject of action, then indeed, the money-jobber is as perfect a business man as could be desired. The "action" the subject of his life affords him is incessant; it regulates his steps as he walks; it governs the working of his jaws when he eats; it won't even let him sleep at night, but moves him to twitch, and start, and utter unearthly noises; but, to my humble thinking, fussing, and fuming, and kicking up a dust goes for nothing unless they tend to the production of something of use to one's fellow-creatures. And what does the money-jobber produce? What man ever saw the work of his hands? Hands, with him, are superfluities. Men of enterprise in the world's busy hive—mine-sinkers, tunnel-borers, and contrivers of cunning canals—are the fools who make feasts for the stockjobber. He stands aloof, in gloved hands, from the sweepers, and toilers, and brain-puzzlers, with no other interest in their success or failure than goes to decide the bets he makes concerning them. He would speculate to-morrow on an increase of mortality among old women, and look black as thunder at his hearty old mother-in-law should she happen to call to see him. The "business" he minds is his own, and none other. The welfare of the common hive is nothing to him. If he speculated for its "fall" any "bear," Russian or otherwise, might kick it over and trample on it, so that he—the stockbroker—was thereby enabled to lick up a fair bellyful of honey.

J. G.

## NINE P.M.—WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

"Waiting for the doctor" at any time of the night or day is heart-wearing work. When in a closely-curtained room, by a sparkling fire, with a carpet that hushes the footstep, the sufferer lies propped upon the softest pillows and guarded by tender hands, and a servant has been sent on the fleetest horse of the stables for the most learned and experienced men on the College of Physicians' list—when all that money, knowledge, and affection can do to ease the couch of pain has been done—waiting for the doctor is a sad and irritating business. Baby-boy is decidedly not so well as when the doctor came in the morning. In the morning he talked and laughed a little, played with his puzzle and his bricks, fondled the kitten, and thumbed through, with his white, little, facoid hands, his indestructible primer. He grew feverish towards midday; but then, they say, people are always feverish when they are getting better. Every little whim was humoured. Every toy was brought from the nursery; his big horse was wheeled up and down by the bedside, and his brothers came to play with him, until they made so much noise that nurse felt bound to drive them out of the room. And then how sensibly Baby-boy talked!—too well by far for a child of his few years. It was astonishing to hear the clever questions he asked and the shrewd answers he made. He positively raised himself in the bed to kiss his mother when she brought him a little sage pudding, and then would only go to sleep when she had promised not to



NINE P.M.: WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

mournful, pleading expression in his eyes that smote his mother to the heart. She caught him in her arms, and bathed his burning cheeks with her tears. His father came to his bedside, and looked sadly on the baby-boy. The night was closing in apace, and the mother sat in the habit of patting his rosy cheeks in the inclosure of the square, ran to his brothers to know how he was that morning. None who had seen him gambolling about the drawing-room, under the loving eyes of his mother, forgot to come and ask how the "darling little fellow" was. Yes; he had been better all the morning—much better. He had coughed less, and a gentle moisture had come over his little limbs—that was a good sign. The doctor had smiled when he looked upon him, and had rallied him about the treat he was to have when he got quite well. There had been sunshine through the house all day, and the old coachman had rubbed his hands gleefully, telling everybody whom he came across that Master Baby-boy was decidedly better this morning. He slept through the afternoon; but it was a tossing, feverish sleep; and, when he woke, his voice was very, very weak, and there was a

nostril, professional voice of a nurse give to the ears of a mother who sees her darling fading, hour by hour, and has plenty of flesh on him. But what comfort can the hard, professional voice give to the ears of a mother who sees her darling fading, hour by hour, and has plenty of flesh on him. Surely, there was never a sunnier soul than his.

Will the doctor never come?

No change of expression, however slight or transient, can escape her ray:

attention. She lifts the little hands from the counterpane, and sees that



NINE A.M.: GOING TO BUSINESS.

leave his bedside and had given him her hand to grasp in his feverish little fists. From the nursery to the kitchen it had been declared again and again that Baby-boy was the sweetest little fellow in the world. I am sure the old coachman asked after him twenty times in the day, and would have esteemed in a personal favour to be permitted the pleasure of getting up in the middle of the night and knocking up the doctor for Master Baby-boy. The cook declared that, if it had not been for him, she would have left her place long ago. The parlour-maid said it was quite a treat to wait upon him. Even the cats showed him special favour, and allowed him to take liberties with them which they would not permit from any other person in the house. Perhaps he was occasionally a little too boisterous when he was quite well. But there was something winning about him, when he was at his maddest pranks. A wisp of reproach brought him into his eyes, and he disarmed everybody who had an angry word for him, by showing them the merry dimples in his cheek. When Master Baby-boy fell ill the whole household was

They are whiter and frailer than they were even yesterday. What would she not give to see them again covered with dust and stains from romping in the nursery up stairs! But Baby-boy has had his last romp, and is going away on a long journey—brave little soul that he is—with a smile on that brave little English face of his.

The doctor has come at last; but he no longer smiles when he turns to Baby-boy's mother. He has a long secret conversation with Papa in his study; and then, with stealthy footstep, leaving a weeping household behind him, the doctor departs for other bedsides, as tearful, it may be, as that of still smiling Baby-boy.

"He may last through the night!"

Well, good-by! little one with the golden heart and silver voice. Thy mother will cut a lock of thy golden hair, and it will be found about her neck when she follows thee.

If it be terrible to see Death dealing with little children who are surrounded with every comfort, as Master Baby-boy was, what must the trial be when the babe is swathed in rags, and lies, almost upon the boards, in a garret waiting for the parish doctor to come, who comes not? When the hungry mother gazes upon the skeleton of a child she has brought into the world, and whom she cannot

feed; when all the little stranger wants to give it health and strength is common food; and when her baby dies, without having tasted one of the sweets of life or spent a happy day, and leaves her alone to lie upon the bed of rags, Death has sown a crop of woe, the bitterness of which the rich and well-to-do can never feel. Waiting for the doctor, on a black winter's night, in a windy, Drury-lane garret, by a cold grate—that is weary work, indeed; and it is wonderful to see with how much patience the poor bear this, one of the weightiest burdens of poverty. It is wonderful, also, to see how the little urchins, who have little warmth and little



THE INHABITANTS OF FLENSBURG ENTERTAINING THE PRUSSIAN TROOPS QUARTERED IN THAT CITY.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A. BECK.)

food, make headway against the assaults of King Death, and come with life out of the fight. Ay, they wait for the doctor, morning, noon, and night; for he comes to them at his good leisure, and not as he hastened to the snow-white cot of our dear, little, lost friend, Master Baby-boy, who, with an angel's smile upon his infant face, and talking brightly as children will talk at death, with a patience that was lovely to behold, waited for the doctor—for the doctor who could do him, poor, honest, little soul, no good!

B. J.

**THE PRUSSIAN TROOPS IN FLENSBURG.**  
The queer old town of Flensburg, at the south-western extremity of the fiord in Schleswig, bore so frequent a part in the engage-

ments of the last Holstein War, in 1848, that its present occupation by Prussian troops can scarcely be any very great novelty; and yet anybody who witnessed the demonstration made by the inhabitants on the 21st of last month, when the battalions marched in, would have been convinced both that the event was regarded as a proper occasion for festivity and that the sympathies of the inhabitants were decidedly German. The troops consisted of some battalions of infantry, a squadron of uhlans, and a battery of artillery; and on their way to the open space known as the South Market their progress was accompanied with waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, flags flying, decorative wreaths, and crowning garlands. The more substantial recognition of their "preservers" was given

by the people of Flensburg in the South Market, where, for those soldiers (and they were many) to whom floral offerings were but inadequate expressions of gratitude, great casks of beer and other refreshing drinks were provided, together with mighty sandwiches, appetising sausages, and such other welcome as the Prussians loves. If the quantity of beer consumed (say by the red hussars of Mundenschein alone) was any indication of the fraternisation of the troops with the civilians, the proceedings must have been eminently satisfactory. In truth, everyone whose mouth was not too full was drinking with all his might, and beer was passed hither and thither in flasks, in great tankards, and in pails, as it was drawn from the casks by the roadside. A thousand thalers' worth of beer vanished

in a very short time; and meanwhile the ladies of the town were assiduous in their floral offerings, and when the men had all been feasted the officers and the municipal authorities continued the fête by joining in various amusements provided for them during the evening.

### THE OPERAS.

The extra representations continue at Her Majesty's Theatre, and, under the name of "final performances," may yet prolong the opera season for some weeks. The revival of "Oberon" has been the principal incident in this after-period. Mr. Telbin has painted some new and very admirable scenery for the work, including a view of the ocean, which, when addressed as "Ocean, thou mighty monster," assumes monstrous and sea-serpent-like shapes absurd to behold. This must be a joke on the part of the carpenters, and will probably not be repeated, as it is not very laughable and spoils a beautiful scene. The general execution of "Oberon" is all that can be desired. The orchestral parts are played to perfection. Gardoni, in the character of Sir Huon, sings with energy and good dramatic expression, in addition to the grace for which his vocalisation is always remarkable; and the four female parts—instructed to Titien, Trebelli, Grossi, and Volpini—are certainly, taking them altogether, sung better than they were ever sung before. The opera was never executed as it is now during Weber's lifetime, nor, indeed, at any time since its first production until the Italian version of it was brought out the year before last at Her Majesty's Theatre.

At the Royal Italian Opera three "novelties" have been presented almost in as many days. On Saturday Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord," with a new cast, new scenery, and decorations, and for the first time these nine years; on Monday "Martha," with Mdlle. Patti for the first time in the part of the heroine; on Wednesday "Norma," with Mdlle. Grisi as our old and always welcome friend "the Druid priestess." The performance of Meyerbeer's opera is in all respects magnificent. If we felt bound to find fault with what, on the whole, is almost a faultless representation, we should point, in the first place, to the pies carried about by Danilowitz (the future Prince Menschchikoff), which are not sufficiently baked and are generally wanting in "local colour." Neither in hue, shape, nor in the texture of the crust do the pastries of the Covent Garden Danilowitz resemble those of the St. Petersburg and Moscow piemans. The Russian Ambassador was present on Tuesday evening, when the opera was performed for the second time, and we are afraid he must have felt hurt at the unsatisfactory manner in which the "pirog" of his native land are represented on the Covent Garden stage.

Mdlle. Patti, in appearing as Martha, has "annexed" another character. Martha now really belongs to her. She has made the part her own, and woe to any artist who undertakes it after her and provokes comparisons with one who is really incomparable. Nothing more exquisite in the whole range of singing can be heard than Mdlle. Patti's pure, expressive, thoroughly beautiful rendering of the ballad which M. Flotow has appropriated, and on which his opera may be said to be based.

Of Mdlle. Grisi's Norma we should probably have nothing new to say, even if we had heard her in that part on Wednesday night, which, unfortunately, we did not.

**A TENDER EPISTLE.**—The following letter was the cause of much amusement on being read during the trial of a recent breach of promise of marriage case:—"My dear sweetest Ducky,—I am so happy to hear from you so often—it affords me such great pleasure. You always write so dear to me I hope you will surely be dearest. You know I never hinted nothing about marriage and I never mean to—take your own time for that. I shall always remember the old saying procreation is the thief of time, but mother sees nothing should be done in a hurry but kettin' fleas. The fondest wish of my heart is that we may surely become one. Do you ever read Franklin's Extracts—his remarks concerning marriage is delightful. Our hearts, he says, ought to assemble one another in every expect; they ought to be heterogeneous so that our union may be mixed as well as uniting—not like oil and water but tea and sugar. Truly I can feel for the mortal Watts when he sees—

The rows is red the violets blew  
Shugars sweet and so are you

Mother sees matrimony is better to think upon than the reality. I remain, till death or marriage, your own sweet candy, MARY ANN. N.B.—I had a kissin' married last month, who sees there ain't no true enjoyment but in the married state. Your sweetis dove, MARY ANN. P.S.—I hope you will let me know what you mean to do, as there is four or five other fellows after me hot foot, and I shall be quite uneasy till I here. Your lover sweet MARY ANN."

"TIGHT AS A PEEP."—A "peep" is a very abject and idiotic little bird, found in New England. He is to the feathered what the "scallywag" is to the funny creation. Occasionally when he is caught the housewives will descend to put him into pies, but in general he is condemned and "left out in the cold." He is weak on the wing, and weaker on his legs; and when the miserable little object alights on earth he is given to staggering about in an imbecile and helpless manner, suggesting the idea of extreme intoxication. The sharp New England mind, ever on the look-out for similes, has long since indorsed the locution "as tight as a peep," to express an utter state of tipsification. One of the best Yankee stories I ever heard is told, "in this connection," of Mr. Macready, the actor. Once, when the great tragedian was starring at Boston, at the Howard Athenaeum I think, there happened to be in the stalls a gentleman who, like Roger the Monk, had got "excessively drunk." His behaviour at last became so scandalous that he was forcibly expelled the theatre, not, however, before he had completely spoiled the effect of the "dagger" soliloquy in "Macbeth." Mr. Macready was furious; and, the moment the act drop had descended, indignantly demanded who was the wretched man who had thus marred the performance. "Don't distress yourself, Mr. Macready," explained the manager, "it is but an untoward accident. A little too much wine, and that sort of thing. The fact is, the gentleman was 'tight as a peep.'" "Titus A. Peep!" scornfully echoed the tragedian. "I'll tell you what it is, Sir. If Mr. Titus A. Peep had misdone himself in this gross manner in any English theatre he would have passed the night in the station-house." Mr. Macready's error was excusable. He had been introduced to so many gentlemen with strings of initials to their names, that he had taken the bird meant by the management to be the name of a human being; and it must be confessed that "Titus A. Peep" sounds very human and very American.—*Salt's Letters from America.*

**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.**—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £21 were voted to the crews of the life-boats of the institution stationed at Arklow, Wicklow, for going off, in reply to signals of distress, to the assistance of the crew and passengers, consisting of nearly 300 persons, on board the emigrant-ship Constitution, from Liverpool to New York, which had stranded on Arklow Bank, on the night of the 20th inst. As the weather was not very boisterous, steam-tugs were enabled to approach the vessel and to take the passengers on board, and afterwards to bring the ship to Wicklow. A reward of £4 was also voted to the crew of a shore-boat for saving, at considerable risk of life, two men from the cutter Phantom, of Preston, which, during squally weather, had stranded on Taylor's Bank, in Liverpool Bay, on the 2nd inst. It was stated that in consequence of the promptitude and skill of the salvors the two men of the cutter were saved. A reward was likewise granted to two men for rescuing, at some risk, in a small boat, one out of two men whose boat recently capsized in stormy weather on the coast of Donegal. One poor fellow had perished before assistance could reach him. The committee expressed their deep condolence with the family of the late Admiral Bertie C. Cator, who had been for many years past a valuable and zealous member of the committee of management of the institution. Payments amounting to upwards of £900 were made on various life-boat establishments. The committee decided to place a life-boat, at a favourable opportunity, on the coast, and to call it "The Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy," in acknowledgement of the munificent gift of £500 to the institution by his son, the Hon. Rustomjee Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, of Bombay. The executors of the late Miss Emma Keate, of Kensington, had paid her legacy of £300 to the society, and the bequest of the late Mrs. Darouze, of Blackheath, of £50 has also been received. Lieutenant Rodney Blane, R.N., had collected, in China, £27 15s. 10d.; and £6 2s. by Lady Blane, his mother, amongst her friends and others, in Derby, in aid of the funds of the institution. During the past month the society had sent new life-boats to Blackpool, New Brighton, and Sennen Cove, Cornwall. They were all the gifts of benevolent persons to the institution. The several railway companies had, as usual, given the boats free conveyance over their lines. At Blackpool a grand demonstration had taken place on the occasion of the launch of the life-boat, and it was calculated that from 20,000 to 30,000 persons were present. The Seamen's Association at Drontheim, Christiansund, and Nalestrand, in Norway and Sweden, had forwarded to the institution £5 13s., in admiration of its great and national objects and in acknowledgment of the services some of its life-boats had rendered to their shipwrecked fellow-countrymen on our coasts.

### Literature.

*Life and Times of her Majesty Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway, &c.* By Sir C. F. LASCELLES WRAXALL, Bart. 3 vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

In all probability the curious story of the "Life and Times" of Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway and youngest sister of George III. of England, is quite unknown to the "general reader." People in any way familiar with modern history will, of course, know something; but, when they come to see the present three portly volumes, they will be surprised to find how little that something is. Even the misfortunes of the beautiful young girl, who married Christian VII.—the "northern scamp," as Lady Talbot called him—even the great sympathy felt for her untimely fate—could not altogether make clear a certain undefined incomprehensibility which has ever hung around Danish history. Moreover, all documents on the subject of the Queen's trials were carefully concealed, and it is principally through their release from confinement that anything like real truth has been obtained. The new sources of information of which Sir Lascelles Wraxall has availed himself are the privy archives of Copenhagen, containing unpublished documents and reports of the judges, putting things in a "new light," and proving on what worthless evidence the divorce of the Queen was passed. Then there is the "Memoirs of his Times," by the Landgrave Charles of Hesse-Cassel, brother-in-law to Christian VII., which the late King of Denmark had printed for private circulation; and the "Memoirs" of Reverdin, secretary to Christian VII., a book which appeared some two or three years since, but which is scarcely known in this country. And lastly, says the author, "the private journals of Sir N. W. Wraxall have been laid under contribution to a great extent." It was made known by the publication of the posthumous memoirs that he had been connected with the Queen of Denmark; but it was only during the last year that I discovered how much my grandfather knew of the affair, and how well he had kept silence on the subject. I have ransacked his journals, correspondence, &c., in the interests of this work; and these have enabled me, I hope, to bring together much not hitherto known, or, if known, forgotten." Besides this, Sir Lascelles has "recognised the value" of pamphlets, and has collected nearly everything relating to that extraordinary palace revolution which was at once the end of the beginning and the beginning of the end; and he publishes for the first time a letter, written on her death-bed by the Queen, to George III.

In endeavouring within small compass to convey an idea of the great interest of the "Life and Times," it will be necessary for us to keep to the "Life" as closely as possible. Therefore, some capital chapters respecting his Majesty George II. and the household of that equally graceful gentleman, Frederick, Prince of Wales, must be passed over in silence, but with the sweetest remembrance. The posthumous Princess Caroline Matilda was born July 11, 1751, and the next important fact concerning her is that she was married, November 8, 1766, to Christian VII., King of Denmark, and a great deal more, including the unhappy duchies. In the mean time she had been brought up in wretched style. Society was in a dreadfully demoralised state in those times, and the Princess of Wales herself—as everybody knows—was supposed to have qualified for the position of the heroine in the ancient comic ballad,

She loved her husband dearly,  
And another man quite as well;

and so these poor little Princes and Princesses were brought up in a system of rigid virtue and absence of temptation, which is too frequently celebrated for recoiling on its own head. There was no manliness in the boys' education, and the girls never had any youth; but they had the best culture that could be managed, and an amount of "mammy's apronstring" which might have satisfied even Mrs. Trimmer herself. The little Princess Caroline Matilda had never been a mile away from home when she was called upon to marry a King and rule over a foreign palace. At this period she is described as being brilliantly beautiful and wondrous fair; and in later years, despite the ill-treatment to which she was subjected, she added to her charms and set the world of Denmark in love with her, all except the King, who, when asked by Princess Amelia why he did not like his wife, replied, "Mais elle est si blonde!" But, in all probability, had she been any desirable shade of darkness, from Leicestershire to Lagos, it would have come to the same thing. Christian was mad from the beginning. He had a weakness in favour of strength, and would rather have been Mr. Sayers than his Majesty. Accordingly, he practised to make himself hard, and was apparently trying to see how much he could endure. The consequence of this was that in a few years he was morally an idiot and physically worn out. In the streets of his own capital he and his companions were worse than any of the Mohocks whom grateful England accepted with the Restoration. In his travels in England, France, and Germany he was just as bad, if not worse. He was lost to all sense of shame; lost to everything save dissipation of the lowest and filthiest description. Well was it for the Queen that she was so habitually neglected that there was no thought of taking her on the tour; and yet it is certain that this unhappy young creature began by being a very excellent wife. But very soon the inevitable discontent set in. She was a mere cypher: she had no part to play. The King dismissed her favourite attendants, and she was the object of the avowed hatred of the Queen-Mother, Juliana Maria. As a matter of course, the general discontent was very great. Everything was going to rack and ruin, and the Court favourites were as bad as Court favourites ever were. However, political matters can only be touched on here so far as they relate to Caroline Matilda.

The Queen was much in want of a friend at Court, literally, and she found one in the person of John Frederick Struensee, a remarkable young man, a native of Hallé, and who had recently been appointed physician at Court. The Queen was ill, and Struensee cured her by simply recommending horse-exercise—no practice with Danish ladies, but which the Queen was assured she would soon bring into fashion. Then the little Crown Prince must needs catch smallpox, and Struensee cured him and gave a filip to vaccination; and, in fine, he made himself so useful to the King that he was made State Councillor, thus obtaining opportunities of aggrandisement which he well knew how to use. While he was friend to the King, and really doing him much good, he was also friend to the Queen, and doing her much harm. "Conscious of her innocence, Caroline Matilda behaved in a manner that caused people to talk, and her conduct was certainly most imprudent. Struensee was constantly seen in her company, and the Count Reverdin says that she 'granted him familiarities which would have ruined any ordinary woman.' He had a seat in her carriage and a horse by her side. They enjoyed solitary walks, and always were partners at a ball. "No wonder that the scandal grew, and was, doubtless, ever fanned by the watchful Juliana Maria." Scandal will grow, indeed, especially if ladies will take liberties; and, at best, it cannot be denied that Caroline Matilda laid herself open to very powerful attacks. However, the ladies could be prudish, without being too particular, and when, at a fete, the Queen appeared in male attire, and sat her horse man fashion, that fashion soon became prevalent amongst the fine ladies of Copenhagen. And here is the Queen enjoying hunting at Herschholm:—

Matilda, when she hunted, was attired, I am sorry to say, exactly like a man. Her hair was dressed with less powder, and pinned up closer, but in the usual style, with sidecurls, toupet, and turned up behind; she wore a dove-colour beaver hat with a deep gold band and tassels, a long scarlet coat faced with gold all round, a buff, gold-laced waistcoat, frilled shirt, a man's neckerchief, and buckskin small clothes and spurs. She looked splendidly when mounted and dashing through the woods, but when she dismounted the charm was, to a great degree, dispelled, for she appeared shorter than she really was: the shape of her knees betrayed her sex, and her belt seemed to cut her in two."

But it is some palliation of this recklessness to add that this

constant masquerading was done at the King's request. He was proud of her figure, and wished it to be seen. But the people of Denmark cared little for such palliation:—

This was one of the long series of errors that Caroline Matilda committed in her short career. Indeed, ever since she had become intimate with Frau Githler and the other light beauties who formed her court, a great change had taken place in her, and a defiant recklessness of public opinion grieved her best friends, and was a terrible mistake in so puritanical a country as Denmark. The priests took advantage of the popular feeling, and many a sarcastic allusion to Jezebel could be heard from the pulpit. Of course, the freedom of the press found a splendid opening in abuse of the Queen and her supposed minion, and the capital was soon flooded with the most scandalous attacks on the couple. Ere long, caricatures in which the Queen and her Cleopatra were represented in the most ignoble postures; satires, in which the most disgusting scenes were described, were spread about the city, and not merely pasted on the walls, but even in the passages of the palace.

In the mean time, whilst Christian was practising his "strength" he had lost all power. Struensee was the great man, and with the King's favourite, Count Brandt, as accomplice, confidant, and dupe, he had managed to pass wholesale reforms. Such matters as freedom of the press and financial regulations were amongst the number; and, as a matter of course, various officials were dismissed, others taught that they must do something for their money, and many offices were absolutely abolished. Things went on in this way until general consternation ensued, and people began to fear the advent of another Cromwell. And yet Denmark was, in reality, going along splendidly; for surely on no grounds other than that of the divine right of kings—"to govern wrong"—could the Danes have refused to see the superiority of Struensee over a King who is described in this style:—

The King was generally left to the company of a black boy, introduced by Brandt, who became Christian's inseparable companion. Children and fools, it is notorious, have an equal propensity for mischief. Christian consequently found great delight in smashing the windows and china, with the black boy's assistance, and beheading the statues in the garden. As a change, he rolled on the floor with the lad, biting and scratching him. From time to time, however, there was something that resembled a lucid interval. Thus the King one evening suddenly appeared at a Court party, waved his hand to the company, and imperiously ordered "silence." The whole of the guests stopped and stared, and then the poor gentleman delivered, with great earnestness and deep pathos, Klopstock's warning ode "To the Prince." This finished, he clapped his hands, burst into a loud laugh, turned on his heel, and went away.

The only thing to be done was a coup-d'état, and that was managed on a scale sufficiently large for all purposes. The Royal family—that is, the two Dowager Queens and Prince Frederick, brother to the King—leagued with certain officers of troops to restore power to the Crown or to gain it for themselves. In the dead of night or morning of the 17th of January, 1772, they made their way to Christian's sleeping apartment, aroused him, and forced him to sign fifteen warrants commanding the arrest of no less than seventeen persons—the Queen, Struensee, and Brandt of course heading the list. After the most inhuman ill-treatment in prison, the prisoners were brought to trial; the charges against the Queen being adultery with Struensee, forgery, peculation, &c.; and against Brandt of having fought the King with his fists (which his Majesty had provoked), and general interest with Struensee. The conclusion of the story is appalling and lamentable, and full of mystery hopeless to be explained away. Struensee, when questioned, confessed to his guilt with the Queen; and the Queen, when she heard of his confession, at once admitted its truth. All attempts to withdraw that admission failed. Various witnesses proved the truth, or thought they proved it. The "delicate investigation" was at an end. The Queen was found guilty, Struensee and Brandt likewise. The fate of the remaining fourteen need not be traced here; but the two Counts suffered awful deaths, and the Queen was sentenced to be divorced and lose all regal rights, and to imprisonment. Subsequently, through British remonstrance—in those days backed up by British fleet—a pecuniary provision was made for her, and she was allowed to take up her residence at Celle, in Hanover. Here she distinguished herself by her many virtues and amabilities; but, unhappily, just as steps were being taken, under the chief management of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, to reinstate her in her true position in Denmark, she died, almost suddenly, of fever, May 11, 1775, in her twenty-fourth year. Such is her almost-forgotten story, now for the first time given as completely as possible to the world. Leaving the career of the King, his Ministers, and his Court favourites to speak for themselves, in terms the reverse of flattering, some little consideration of the Queen's case is desirable. Sir Lascelles Wraxall's wish is father—we had almost said grandfather—to his thought when he fancies he has redeemed the Queen's character. That she was in a shameful position must be allowed—a position of temptation even when yoked to a monarch like Christian. She was most beautiful, though "blonde"; but all the beauty in the world has frequently concealed the most unblushing blood. Her virtues, amabilities, and charities were the talk of a whole kingdom, but in no way inconsistent with a treacherous memory as to a Commandment or two; but Nell Gwyn cajoled Charles II. out of Chelsea Hospital, and Charles did not wish poor Nelly to starve. Caroline Matilda had been brought up with a rigid morality which, as we have said, too often recoils upon itself; and, what is more, a certain prominent family of that and a still later period was not remarkably distinguished for practising domestic virtues. Indeed, what may not be true of a Queen who "often displayed herself perfectly undressed to her chamber-women, walking in broad daylight in a room which had windows on both sides, and at a time when the guard-mounting was taking place, and then asked the maids whether they had ever seen Eve on Christ?" (vol. ii., 224). Guilty or not, the baseness of Struensee in charging the Queen was most unmanly and abhorrent; but that an innocent woman should endeavour to shield such a scoundrel—and in one way or another she must have hoped to shield him—by confessing to so monstrous a sin is more than most people will be ready to allow. True, on her deathbed—with her latest breath, as it were—she writes a letter to her brother (George III.) protesting her innocence; but on deathbeds confessions of guilt are far more common than retractions of such confessions. And is it not astounding that Struensee himself did not withdraw the shameful calumny on his deathbed—the scaffold? But the public must settle the verdict for themselves.

In leaving these volumes we must say that they are amongst the most fascinating of the season, and describe a most interesting

passage of history. The author's clearness and industry have well backed up the material open to him, and the result is an excellent specimen of "Life and Times" literature.

*In the Silver Age. Essays—that is, Dispersed Meditations.* By HOLME LEE. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Noone can be displeased to meet Holme Lee in this new capacity.

The essays are carefully written, wise, tender, intelligent, full of charming descriptions of natural scenery, and, for the most part, frankly thought out. They can, we think, do scarcely anything but good; and, accordingly, we recommend them for leisurely, not lazy, reading.

We have said that these essays are, for the most part, frankly thought out. Now and then a topic is only half-handled, however. It was surely a pity to say anything at all about Molire and the faithless mistress whom he so passionately loved without saying something of the unhappy wife whom he did not love, but whose unshaken fidelity and generous constructions were so wonderful. A more tragic story than this does not exist in the romance of the affections. It is hard to know which to pity most Molire or the wife; for he must have suffered, for her sake, as much as for his own. If Holme Lee thought the narrative could not well be presented in its entirety, there was yet open to her the celebrated alternative of Lord Melbourne—"Can't you let it alone?" Similar remarks might be applied to what Holme Lee has said of the celebrated paper about women, by the late Mr. John Stuart Mill. But, after the worst is said, the book is one that may be cordially praised, and profitably taken into the country by the holiday-maker.

## LAW AND CRIME.

JUDGMENT in the Yelverton case was delivered in the House of Lords on Thursday, when three noble and learned Lords to one decided that the decision of the Court below ought to be reversed, and the marriage between the appellant and the respondent declared null and void.

A YOUNG woman named Tracey, committed suicide by means of poison supplied to her by a chemist's assistant. The circumstances deserve comment. The deceased sent a little girl to the chemist's shop for some "dogs' poison." The assistant, exercising commendable prudence, sold a pennyworth of cream of tartar. The girl afterwards returned, by direction of her mistress, to ask for another pennyworth of dogs' poison, as "the last had not affected the dog, and he was running about the house worse than ever." Upon this the assistant served the child with a quantity of corrosive sublimate, which the deceased swallowed. Of course, she died in horrible agony. An inquest was held upon her body, and the assistant, who appeared as a witness, was discharged without a reprimand by the jury, who found that the deceased had committed suicide while of unsound mind. Not a word appears to have been said about the diabolical cruelty of attempting to poison even a dog by such an agent as corrosive sublimate—perhaps the most painful poison known to chemists. A cautious and humane practitioner might surely have asked that the animal should be brought to his shop, and there mercifully and instantaneously killed it by a few drops of hydrocyanic acid. But this assistant, thrown off his first guard, supplied a deadly agent, producing agonising erosion of the viscera, and yet was allowed to depart without so much as a reprimand.

As this is the season for excursion-trains, not only from but to the metropolis, we may be excused for assuring our provincial readers that, by personal experience, we have found that "skittle-sharpers" have made a "pitch" in the now gratuitously-open area of St. Paul's Cathedral. Visitors from the country will do well to keep themselves aloof from all strangers who endeavour to protract conversations opened by apparently most simple questions. When such inquiries are made in good faith, the querist always passes on upon receiving his reply. When he forces his companionship, the person accosted may be assured that the intent is fraudulent, or worse.

There is an ancient demoniacal legend, which we do not care to narrate precisely, but which is to the effect that the fiend once offered to a man his choice of the commission of one of three sins. He was to murder his father, or his mother, or to get drunk. The man chose the third, and, while intoxicated, committed the other two. A fellow was tried at Nottingham Assizes for having killed his mother and dangerously wounded his father by the discharge of two shots from a double-barrelled gun. His mother had interfered to prevent his beating his father, when the wretch fetched the loaded weapon, and, taking deliberate aim at each in turn, shot them both. He then ran away to a neighbour's house and begged to be concealed. When arrested he declared that he expected to be hanged like a sanguinary pig. He was found guilty, and the jury recommended him to mercy on the ground that he was drunk when he committed the murder. The Nottingham jury must have had curious sympathies. If this be the teaching of the jury-box, intending murderers may well take the hint and be careful to get drunk before committing homicide. The intoxication need not be sufficient to preclude the fatal use of firearms nor the reasonable apprehension of the fitting consequences of the crime.

Mr. O'Malley Irwin, a barrister who has some alleged grievance in connection with a trial which took place about thirty years ago, applied to Mr. Selfe, at Westminster, for a summons against Sir George Grey calling upon him to answer a charge of high treason. He based his application upon the fact that Sir George Grey had advised her Majesty not to comply with a petition presented by the applicant under the Petition of Rights Act. Mr. Irwin announced that Sir George's conduct was treason against the statute, and, upon being urged to further explain, declared that it was high treason, not against the Sovereign, but against the law. At this point Mr. Selfe told him that he (applicant) was talking nonsense, and ordered him to stand down and allow the business of the Court to proceed. The case of Mr. Irwin was on Tuesday last brought fully before the House of Commons, when a complete answer was given to his case.

Some strange disclosures have been made in reference to the administrative system of Portland prison. A marine-store-dealer, of Weymouth, named Simmonds, who has for years past been in the habit of purchasing what are called "condemned" prison stores, was suspected of carrying on a wholesale traffic in Government property. Parcels forwarded by him to the railway for transmission to his establishment in London were inspected by the police, who found scores of pairs of trousers, rags, and other articles of apparel. In the same truck, for Simmond's carriage business was so extensive that a truck was allotted especially to his goods, were a dozen casks of cocoa, of the same quality as the prison stores. None of these articles were of the kind known as condemned. The strangest part of the affair, which resulted in the trial of Simmonds on Friday week, was that none of the prison officials could or would give any explanation of the means by which Simmonds became possessed of them. Stock was taken, so far as could be done under circumstances to be mentioned, but this only resulted in showing the defective state of the books. From these it appeared that there should be 1 cwt. of cocoa in the prison, whereas there were really six. Mr. Justice Byles, who tried the prisoner, remarked that it was clear "the evil existed in the system of management at the establishment, but who was at fault he could not tell, unless all the clerks were before him." In fact, had the prisoner not himself stated that the goods were condemned stores, which they were clearly proved not to be, there might have been great difficulties in the way of his conviction. His Lordship, in summing up, made the following striking observations:—

There must be some persons in the prison in league with others outside for disposing of the prison property. The system of business which was there carried out was highly discreditable. He had no means of inquiring whose fault it was, and did not make these observations on anyone in particular. If the prison had been here, he should have had everyone before him with whom the prisoner had been in league. It might have involved an inquiry which would

have led them astray from the point they were investigating—the guilt of this particular man; but it was well worth the attention of those interested in such establishments and the public expenditure to institute an inquiry without delay.

These remarks were loudly applauded by the crowd in court. Simmonds was found guilty, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude. From a correspondent, who has kindly forwarded us the report of this trial (in the *Weymouth Telegram* of the 28th inst.), we learn that the detection of Simmonds created quite a panic among certain persons both inside and outside the prison. The frauds upon the public are scarcely more than indicated by Simmonds's particular case. The system of embezzlement, peculation, fraud, and dishonesty receiving has been carried on for years, and has long been notorious in the island. Certain officials have been living at a rate equal to about five times that of their known income. When the alarm was given, we are credibly informed that, in the sea off the famous rock known as the "Bill" and other parts of the island, "prison stores were floating about in all directions—calico in large rolls, candles by thousands, and other articles, all of which had been smuggled out of the prison." We believe the matter is now engaging the most active attention of the Government; but it may take months to ascertain the extent of the delinquencies and to get the books out of the confusion into which they have by negligence, if not wilfulness, been allowed to fall.

## POLICE.

UNJUSTIFIABLE DESTRUCTION OF A VALUABLE WORK OF ART.—Robert Hamilton, thirty-five, was charged with stealing and destroying the portrait of a gentleman.

John Mason said—I am an artist. The frame and parts of a portrait now produced are mine, value in all £5. Some time since a club was established at the Carpenters' Arms, Haggerstone, the conditions of which were that every member should pay 6d. per week until the amount reached £5., when such person called upon me and I painted his likeness. Prisoner became a member about twelve months since. He paid for five successive weeks, but would not continue, and insisted upon having his money back. This was against the rules, and his demand was refused. A specimen portrait was hanging behind the bar; he took it away and destroyed it as now seen.

A picture-frame about 2 ft. by 24 ft. was handed to the magistrate, with a figure in crayon of a bald-headed gentleman, dressed in a black frock coat, the lower part being exceedingly dark, and the face as remarkably opposite.

Mr. Safford (clerk)—Is this the portrait of a member? Complainant—Oh, no, Sir! It only shows how it would be done.

Mr. Safford—Somebody has cut the gentleman's throat.

Complainant—It is torn. That is the destruction.

Mr. Safford—I should think so.

Miss Oliver, of the Carpenter's Arms—Yesterday the prisoner came to our house with another man and demanded the half-crown subscription he had paid into the club. He became very noisy, and I told him that if I was a man I would turn him out. He left, but, while I was serving a customer, returned, took down this gentleman from where he was hanging, and ran away with him.

Rice, 121 N—I found the frame and picture at the prisoner's workshop. He said he had smashed the former and torn the gentleman's throat. I took him for stealing.

The Artist—I believe it was done out of spite, not for its value. The portrait is worth 10s., the frame 5s.

The Prisoner—I can mend that, it's in my way. Nobody can mend the other. I consider I am hardly used by being charged with robbery. I felt as others of the club did, that the portraits were not at all like, and would not go on with it; but I offered to take out the half-crown in beer. What did they want more? Well, it was refused, so I took two friends with me, one of whom I left outside because he talks too fast, and, in a rage, I did as they say—took away this old gentleman and smashed him.

Mr. Ellis—You were not justified in doing either, and I order that you pay a fine of 5s. for breaking the frame and 10s. for the portrait, or suffer in default seven days' imprisonment.

A CLAWING FOR A KISS.—John Sullivan, an Irish bricklayer, was charged with the following assault:—

Mrs. Claridge, of Shackwell, said—Yesterday afternoon I was passing along the Amherst-road, Shackwell, in company with a lady, when suddenly some person behind us almost jumped upon me, held me tight, pulled my head back, and kissed me. I struggled and got away from him, but not before I had scratched his face in May last, and the case was remanded for the attendance of the prosecutrix.

Mrs. Thistlewaite, on entering the box, said—I would rather not prosecute. My religion will prevent my prosecuting.

Mr. Flowers—Will your religion prevent you from swearing that the watch is your property?

Mrs. Thistlewaite—Oh, there is no doubt of that. I know it by a piece chipped out of one of the diamonds, and by the maker's name. I have no objection to swear that.

The oath was then administered and the prosecutrix gave the necessary evidence to establish the identity of the property.

Mr. Abrams, for the prisoner, said his client gave £25 for it in Switzerland, and had no suspicion it was stolen. He bought it five or six weeks ago.

The Prosecutrix—If he is honest he will state his address. I had other property stolen at the same time.

Mr. Flowers said he should order the watch to be given up, it being clearly stolen property; but the prisoner, for the present, must be discharged.

A SINGULAR REQUEST.—Two urchins, named Dennis Healy and John Driscoll, living in St. Giles's, were charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with picking the pocket of a female named Flaxman.

Thomas Humphreys, of No. 3, Brownlow-street, said that about ten o'clock that morning he was in Denmark-street, when he saw a female (Mrs. Flaxman) on the wheel of a van, in which there were a number of children going for an excursion. He observed Healy feeling the female's dress, Driscoll standing close by Healy at the time. The boys suddenly ran away, and, learning that the female had been robbed, he pursued them into Queen-street, Dean-street, where he saw the purse produced by one of them, but he could not say which.

Mrs. Flaxman identified the purse and contents as her property.

Mr. Tyrwhitt—Do the boys want to say anything?

Healy—Yes; we want three years.

Mr. Tyrwhitt—It is rather an extraordinary request, but, I think, under circumstances it would be about as good a thing as could be done, and, with that view, I shall remand them for a week, when their parents can attend.

The boys, who seemed very well pleased at the result, were then remanded.

MURDER.—A most horrible murder has been committed in Somers Town—the murderer having subsequently committed suicide. A woman named Sarah Bishop has for some time resided in a house in Smith-street with a carpenter named James Brown, and passed for his wife. They were in the habit of quarrelling, and last Tuesday evening the other residents heard them at words and blows. The noise soon ceased, and the man afterwards said the woman had left him. He went out to his work as usual each day afterwards. On Sunday, as the woman had not returned, Brown was invited to dine with one of the lodgers, and did so. At night he went, as it was expected, to bed, apparently cheerful. On the previous day or two a bad smell pervaded the house, and on Monday it was much worse. It seemed to come from a back kitchen. Access was obtained to this place by the window, and there, in a coal cellar, was found the decomposing body of the woman. Death had been caused by a fracture of the skull with an axe, which was afterwards found in a water-butt on the premises. The police, having been called in, made search for the man, and in one of the rooms which he had occupied he was found dead, having hanged himself some hours before their arrival.

James Smith, an officer in the employ of the South-Western Railway, said he had received information from the guard that a man had robbed a lady in one of the third-class carriages. On the arrival of the train at the ticket-collecting station he went and apprehended the prisoner, and handed him over to a Metropolitan Police-officer. On being searched, half a railway-ticket was found on him and two florins. The gloves were lying at his feet.

Mr. Woolrych asked the prisoner whether he would be tried by him or go to the sessions.

The prisoner observed that he would rather his Worship dealt with him. He did not wish to go to the sessions.

The Magistrate told him if he dealt with him he must plead guilty.

The prisoner said he was guilty; when

Mr. Bent, the superintendent of the railway police, informed his Worship that he believed him to be connected with a gang of railway thieves, but he did not know whether he had ever been convicted.

Mr. Woolrych suspected that he was a practised thief, therefore he should sentence him to six months' hard labour at Wandsworth House of Correction.

STREET BRIGANDISM.—Daniel and George King were charged with highway robbery.

Mr. Elkin—I am a merchant. I was walking down Endell-street on Tuesday evening, and turned aside into a side street. As I was returning to Endell-street two men ran violently against me in front, and at the same moment two others whom I had previously seen standing at the corner came behind me and took my watch. I am certain that O'Brien was one of them, and I think King was the other, but I could not swear to him. O'Brien seized me by the back of my coat collar, and cut my guard chain (which was round my neck), and the one I believe to be King took my watch and chain. I value the watch and chain at £10 10s.

Policeman Lawrence said he was on duty in Endell-street, in plain clothes, at about a quarter to twelve, and heard a cry of "Stop thief!" at the corner of Short's-gardens. He saw four men running towards Long-acre and the other two towards Holborn. He pursued them, and got near enough to see them distinctly, and recognised the prisoners, whom he had known for about four months. He followed them through the side streets, across Drury-lane and down Charles-street, but lost them in the narrow and intricate courts running from that street.

John Burgen, a sweeper, stated that, immediately before the robbery, he saw the prisoners and two other men standing at the corner of the street. When the prosecutor reached the corner where they stood, he cried out "Police." Witness looked round, and saw the four men surrounding the prosecutor. O'Brien had his hand at the back of his neck. They all ran away, two in one direction and the two prisoners in another.

Sergeant Ackrill said he went in search of the prisoners, and on Wednesday night saw them standing in the coal-yard, Drury-lane. He heard one of them say, "Beef it; here is Ackrill." "Beef it," is a slang phrase for "Get away." At the same moment a man ran against him in front with considerable violence.

Mr. Vaughan—Did you think it was done purposely?

Ackerill replied that he was sure it was. He pursued the prisoners some distance, but lost sight of them in Barley-court. On Thursday night he again went in search of them and found them in bed in a low public-house in that locality, a house visited by thieves. At first they said they would not go out with him, but on his expressing his determination to have them out, they said they would be quiet, and asked him to give them fair play.

The prosecutor, in answer to Mr. Vaughan, said that he was surrounded by the four men in such a manner that he could not move. They did not strike him, but flourished their hands before his face, so as to confuse him.

Mr. Vaughan—Did they lay hands on you at all?

Prosecutor—Yes, to push me and obstruct me, but not to strike me.

Both prisoners denied their identity.

Mr. Vaughan committed them for trial.

King—When I come out you will find out who stole the watch.

THE LATE ROBBERY ON THE CONTINENT.—Jacob Levy, a foreigner, who had been remanded on charge of stealing or receiving a valuable gold watch, the property of Mrs. Thistlewaite, of Grosvenor-square, was brought before Mr. Flower for final examination.

It will be remembered that the prisoner had offered to pawn the watch at Mr. Whistler's, in the Strand, and he was given into custody on suspicion of stealing it. It transpired that the watch, worth upwards of 100 guineas, was stolen, with about £500 worth of other property, from Mrs. Thistlewaite, while travelling on the Continent in May last, and the case was remanded for the attendance of the prosecutrix.

Mrs. Thistlewaite, on entering the box, said—I would rather not prosecute. My religion will prevent my prosecuting.

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Mr. Tyrwhitt—It is rather an extraordinary request, but, I think, under circumstances it would be about as good a thing as could be done, and, with that view, I shall remand them for a week, when their parents can attend.

The boys, who seemed very well pleased at the result, were then remanded.

MURDER.—A most horrible murder has been committed in Somers Town—the murderer having subsequently committed suicide. A woman named Sarah Bishop has for some time resided in a house in Smith-street with a carpenter named James Brown, and passed for his wife. They were in the habit of quarrelling, and last Tuesday evening the other residents heard them at words and blows. The noise soon ceased, and the man afterwards said the woman had left him. He went out to his work as usual each day afterwards. On Sunday, as the woman had not returned, Brown was invited to dine with one of the lodgers, and did so. At night he went, as it was expected, to bed, apparently cheerful. On the previous day or two a bad smell pervaded the house, and on Monday it was much worse. It seemed to come from a back kitchen. Access was obtained to this place by the window, and there, in a coal cellar, was found the decomposing body of the woman. Death had been caused by a fracture of the skull with an axe, which was afterwards found in a water-butt on the premises. The police, having been called in, made search for the man, and in one of the rooms which he had occupied he was found dead, having hanged himself some hours before their arrival.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE Directors of the Bank of England having been compelled to advance to the Bank of France money to the amount of £1,000,000, owing to the demand for gold for export to the Continent, all Home Stocks have risen heavily during the week, and the quotations have had a drooping tendency. Consols, for Money, have marked 80½; Ditto, for Time, 90 ½; Reduced and New Three per Cent, 80 ½; Exchequer Bills, 1s. to 8s. discount. Bank Stock has been 240 to 242.

Indian Securities have sold slowly. On the whole, however, prices have been steady. India Stock, Old, has marked 212 to 214; and Paper, 104 to 103, and 114 to 116. The Bonds have changed hands at 15s. to 18s. discount.

Several parcels of gold have been shipped to France and Spain, and the steamer for the East has taken out £1,200,000, chiefly in silver.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—S. TORRANCE, Kilmarock.

S. FORESTER, Edinburgh, law and general printer.

C. HUTCHISON, Greenock, joiner.

R. COLTART (deceased), Kirkcudbright, farmer.

The market for Foreign Securities has continued dull, and prices have been steady, or even advanced, further declined. The Confederate Loan is now quoted at 75 to 77; Venezuela Scrip, 7 to 7½; French Mexican Scrip, 6½ to 6¾; Russian, 14 to 14½; Brazilian Five per Cent have been done at 104; Ditto Four-and-a-half per Cent, 180; 185 ex div.; Chilean Six per Cent, 92 ex div.; Egyptian Seven per Cent, 102½; Greek, 24½; Mexican Three per Cent, 25½ ex all; Ditto, 186, 26; Portuguese Three per Cent, 88 ex div.; Russian Five per Cent, 186, 92; Ditto Four-and-a-half per Cent, 181; Imperial, 187; Hindoo, 140; Consolidated, 11½; European, 14½; Hindoo, 14; Hindoo, 14½; Imperial Ottoman, 17½; Land Mortgage of India, 53; London and Colonial, 24; English and Australian, 24; General Credit, 7½; Hudson's Bay, 17½; Joint-Stock Discount, 7½; Land Credit of Ireland, 54; London General Omnibus, 3; National Discount, 14½; Oriental Steamship, 54; Royal Mail Steam, 90; Societe Financiere d'Egypte, 54; Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance, 7; and Upper Assam Tea, 4.

The Railway Share Market has been in a very inactive state, at drooping prices, although the traffic returns continue good.

## METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—Only moderate supplies of English wheat have been offered on this week; yet the demand for both red and white qualities has ruled very inactive, at previous currencies, £10 10s. weight, which have sold to a fair extent at full prices. Oats, which have been sold to a fair extent at full prices, have been inquiry for, causing a rise

**M.**R. ALFRED MELLON has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS will commence at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, Covent-garden, on MONDAY, AUG. 8.

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